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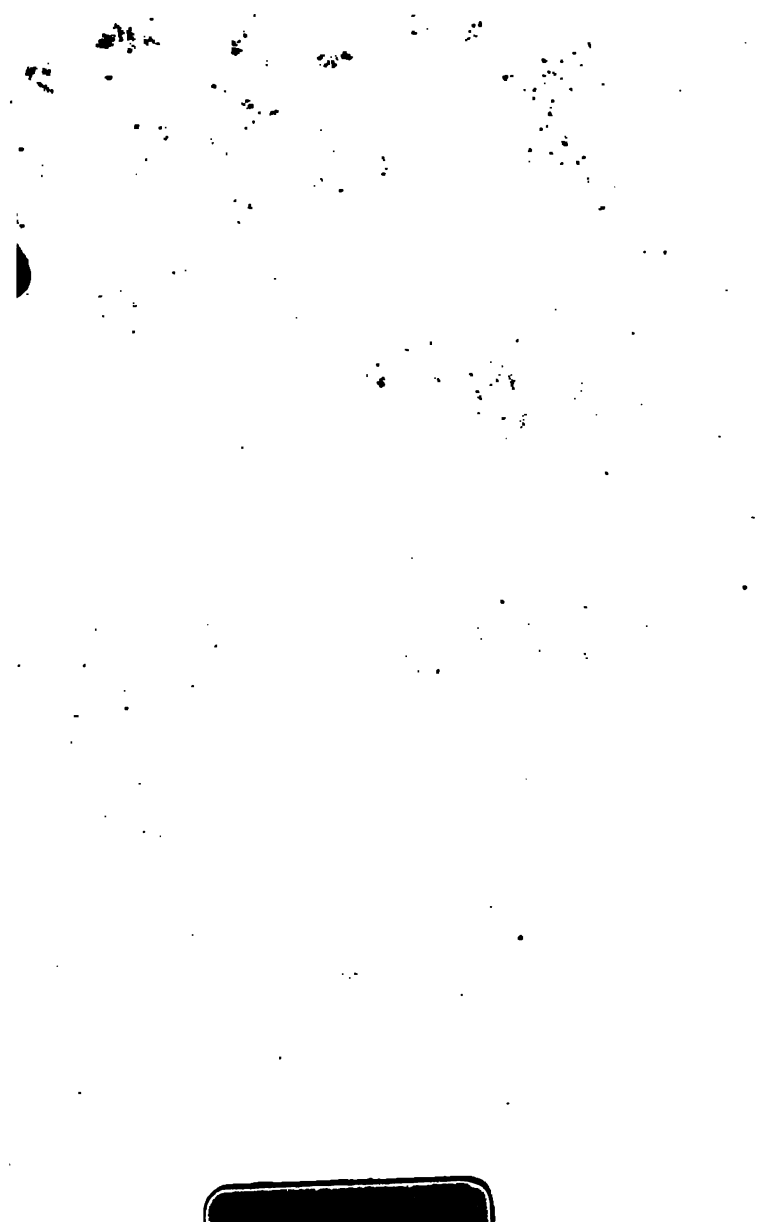
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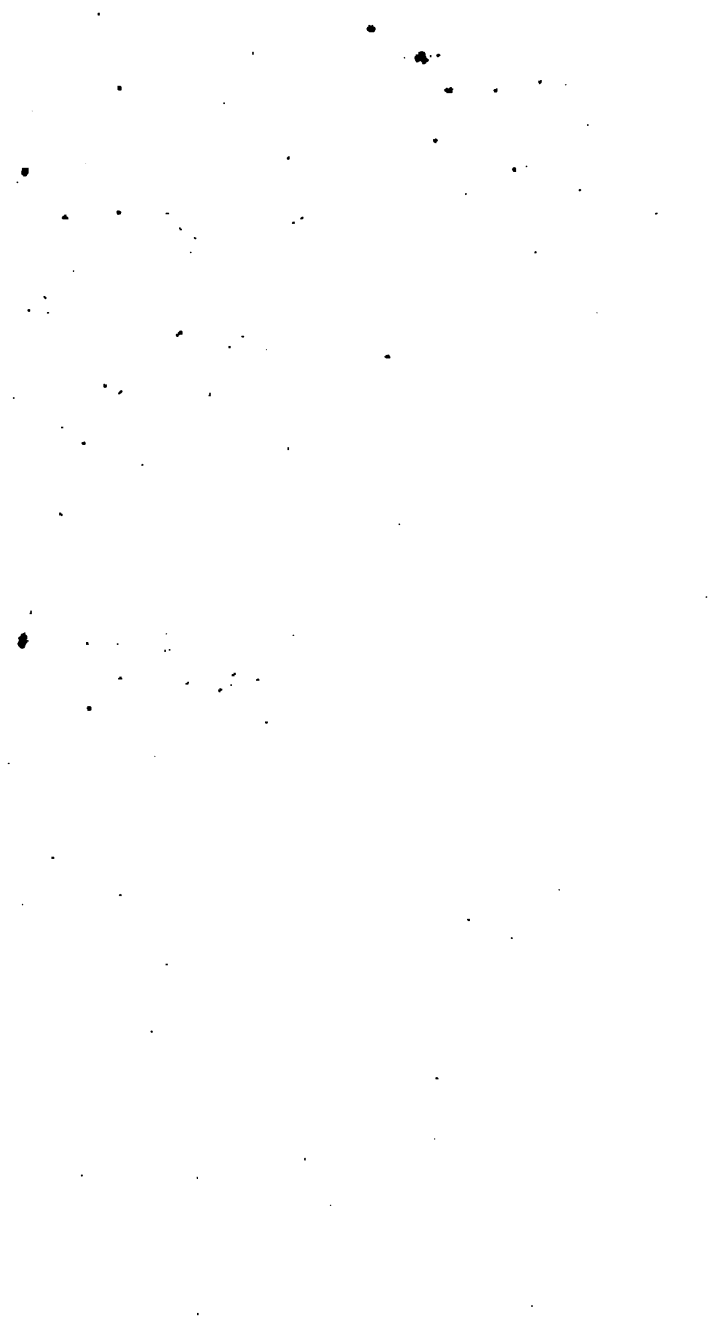
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1

P O E M S,

CHIEFLY BY

GENTLEMEN

OF

Devonshire and Cornwall.

VOL. II.



P O E M S,
CHIEFLY BY
GENTLEMEN
OF
DEVONSHIRE AND CORNWALL.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.



Bath

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CONTENTS

OF

VOL. II.

LYRIC PIECES.

	PAGE
O DE to Sleep — — — — —	3
Ode to the Memory of Bishop Wilson — — — — —	6
— written after a Thunder-Storm — — — — —	12
— written in a Picture-Gallery — — — — —	16
Mona, an Ode — — — — —	21
Ode to the River Coly — — — — —	23
Part of the Epicedium of Regnor Lodbrog translated — — — — —	25
Ode on the Susceptibility of the Poetical Mind — — — — —	29
— to Care — — — — —	34
Four Odes, written at different Periods on public Occasions — — — — —	35
Two Lovely Sisters — — — — —	53
The Song of Blondel — — — — —	54
Ode, occasioned by the Death of Prince Leopold — — — — —	61
Rhapsody, written at Stratford-upon-Avon — — — — —	63
Ode from Fulvio Testi — — — — —	65
The Bracelet — — — — —	66
Virtue, an irregular Ode — — — — —	68
Manchester, an Ode — — — — —	74
A Bridal Ode — — — — —	77
An Ode — — — — —	80

PASTORAL PIECES.

Milon and Damætas — — — — —	85
The Caterpillar — — — — —	91
The Half-peeled Turnip — — — — —	99

	PAGE
A Pastoral Ballad	103
A Pastoral Ballad, of Simplicity	105
The Cottage Girl	107

HEROIC PIECES.

Claudian's Rape of Proserpine, Book 1st	115
Book 2d	130
On viewing the Improvements at Pynes-House	149

EPISTLES.

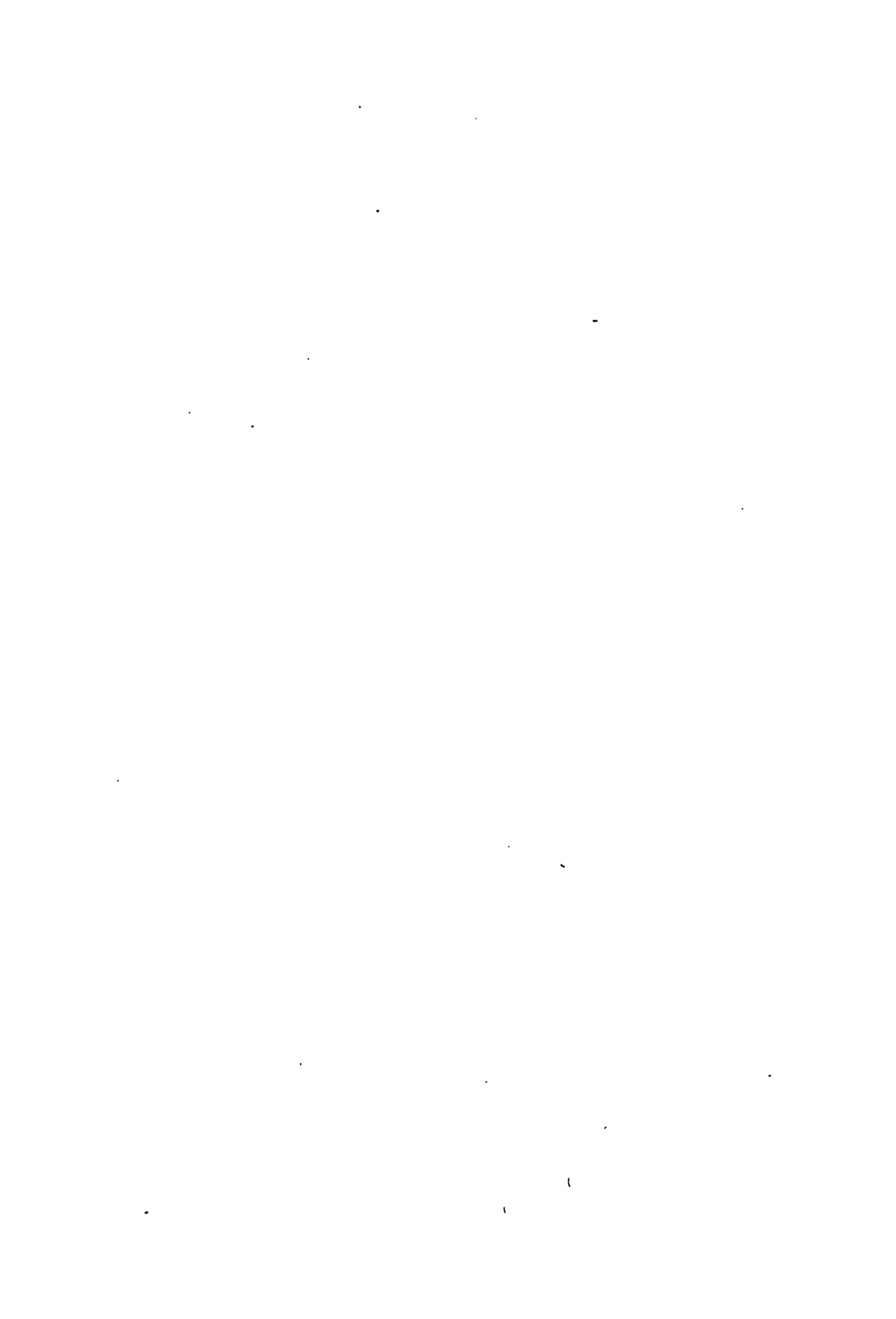
To a young Lady	153
From an Under-Graduate at Oxford to his Friend in the Country	159
To Dr. Downman, of Exeter	176

ADDRESSES.

To the Equestrian Belles	181
Address, introductory of Mrs. Siddons on her first acting at Exeter	183
spoken by Mrs. Siddons on the last Night of her acting at Exeter	186
To a Widow Lady	188

SONNETS	193—224
SONGS	227
EPITAPHS	237





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LYRIC PIECES.





ODE

TO

SLEEP,

COMPOSED DURING A VIOLENT ILLNESS,

1780.

I.

THE raven flaps his darksome wing;
Around the shades of horror gloom:
The boding birds of midnight sing,
And seem to mark my coming doom!
O SLEEP! my fever'd soul from spectres bear,
O guard me from the phantoms of despair.

ODE

ON THE
ISLE OF MANN,
TO THE MEMORY OF
BISHOP WILSON,

WRITTEN AT THE REQUEST OF THE LATE

Dr. WILSON, of BATH.

1781.

As musing erst I cross'd the glades
Where MONA, cloath'd with pendent shades,
O'erbrows the westering wave;
Sudden appear'd in faery maze
The pictur'd forms of other days,
And oft to memory's eye their transient colours gave.

And "ah! ye fleeting shapes," I cried,
"Amidst these glooms in pity glide!
"For here ye joy'd to rove
"In elder times, when mystic strains
"Echoed through consecrated fanes,
"And rites of magic charm'd the reverential grove.

" O, by your wands of vervain blue,
 " Of power to chase with lustrous dew
 " The vapoury mists away;
 " And by the dark incavern'd chest,
 " Where sleeps *BELINUS*' charmed vest;
 " Again, ye Druid tribes! your awful forms display.

" Who now, while memory views in tears
 " The curtain'd scene of former years,
 " Shall guard these magic rocks;
 " Where *Genii* oft on sounding wings,
 " Flutter'd at evening o'er the springs
 " That lav'd the wreathing roots of yon fantastic
 " oaks?

" Who now shall join the minstrel's lay,
 " While glitter to the full moon's ray
 " Their high-strung harps of gold?
 " Or who survey the sweeping pall
 " Of bards, amid the emblazon'd hall,
 " The Druid's floating pomp, and hoary seers of old?

" Who now, where stain'd with sacred blood
 " The central oak o'ertops the wood,
 " Shall see the victim laid
 (" As midnight stills the spectred vale)
 " On the red shrine aghast and pale,
 " And pois'd aloft in air the lightning of the blade?

“ Ah! these, from MONA vanish'd long,
“ Scarce live amid the flights of song,
“ The Poet's breast to warm;
“ And ev'n from fancy's eagle eye
“ The soul-entrancing visions fly;
“ Each Druid sinks away, and fades each faery form!

“ Yet, where the lurid nightshade blooms,
“ To some lone ruin's deep'ning glooms
“ The pensive poet steals:
“ Oft as he marks the Druid graves
“ And crumbling piles, his bosom heaves
“ With thoughts of ancient days, and pleasing horror
“ feels!”

Thus whilst the Muses taught to glow
The spirit of elegiac woe,
Soft-melting o'er my breast;
Instant along the shadowy way
Trembled a beam of brighter day,
And from an opening cloud a cherub shone confest.

“ Suppress, fond youth, the unhallow'd strain,”
He cried, “ nor rashly thus profane
“ These groves with pagan sighs:
“ Rejoice, that, crush'd to earth, the abodes
“ Of Druids and their fabled gods,
“ With superstition's frown affront no more the skies.

" What! dost thou mourn the vanish'd rite
 " That gave to horror the pale night,
 " And shook the blasted wood;
 " While, as each victim's dying cries
 " Announc'd the human sacrifice,
 " Scar'd at the infernal scene, the moon went down in
 " blood?

" No! let the Star, whose orient ray
 " Those Druid orgies beam'd away,
 " Thy holy reverence claim;
 " And, purer than a poet's fire,
 " The genuine oracles inspire
 " Thine elevated soul with true religion's flame.

" Call with new ardour to thy aid,
 " O call a more auspicious shade,
 " And bid thy raptur'd mind,
 " Full of the blest idea, soar
 " To brighter regions, and adore
 " The gracious power that gave a WILSON to man-
 " kind!

" With joy look round this little isle,
 " And see the genial virtues smile
 " The *Christian* planted here:
 " 'Twas his, where pain had fix'd the dart,
 " To heal with lenient balms the smart;
 " From penury's pale eye 'twas his to wipe the tear!

ODE

WRITTEN AFTER

A THUNDER-STORM.

1785.

THROUGH a slow-labouring cloud, that bore
Against the winds its lurid store,
The moon rose, quench'd in blood:
The foliage lash'd the forest-steep,
Then shrunk into a gloom more deep,
And with a sullen murmur foam'd the troubled flood.

O'er the dun skirtings of the dale,
The brooding spirit of the gale
In pitchy darkness hung;
When on a lofty-crested oak,
Sudden, the forked azure broke,
And down the rocky dell its shiver'd branches flung.

Appall'd I saw the sulphur'd front
 Of heaven—above my sylvan haunt
 I saw the tempest roll;—
 Till Fancy lent her magic aid,
 Dispell'd the terrors of the shade,
 And wing'd to distant climes my quick excursive soul.

“ Fear not,” she cried, “ the thunder’s wreck,
 “ Since *Albion’s* guardian genii check
 “ The demons of the storm:
 “ Far other is the fever’d air,
 “ That kindles with eternal war,
 “ Where nature starts aghast at many a fiendlike form.

“ Lo! where, amidst *Messene’s* towers,
 “ That angel of perdition lours,
 “ Pavilion’d in the gloom!
 “ Mark—mark the dead portentous pause—
 “ See, earth distends her flaming jaws;
 “ And myriads sink ingulph’d in one disastrous tomb.

“ Fell as the grisly lion prowls,
 “ Yon desolating whirlwind howls
 “ O’er *Africk’s* savage waste:
 “ Save, where the billowy horrors sail,
 “ In sultry stillness sleeps the gale;
 “ And, if the black air breathe, it breathes a poison’d
 “ blast.

“ And, as the fierce *Arabian* bands
“ Guide o’er immeasurable sands
“ The camel’s burning way;
“ Behold the raging Samiel rise,
“ Pass in pale pomp athwart the skies,
“ Shake his pestiferous wing, and rush to seize his prey.

“ His giant strides survey—his head
“ Half viewless in a cloud of red;
“ Ah! death was in that grasp!—
“ To earth they fall: In thunders hoarse
“ He riots o’er each shrivel’d corse,
“ Catches the expiring groan, and stores the enve-
“ nom’d gasp.

“ Or turn thee, where the purest day
“ Unsoften’d in its torrid ray
“ Is all one glaring sky;
“ Where no cool evening spreads its shade;
“ No mellow tints of purple fade;
“ But, as the sun retires, the blazing meteors fly.

“ See in the livid heavens appear
“ Yon’ speck, that swells its dusky sphere,
“ And dims the boiling deep:
“ Still broader it expands its orb;
“ And bursting, as it would absorb
“ All earth, destruction speeds the dread tornado’s
“ sweep.

- " Ah! Ruin, wide as this, extends
 " Full oft, where panting *India* bends
 " To drink the sacred stream ;
 " And, roaring to the host of heaven,
 " Views from their dens her panthers driv'n,
 " While all her citron groves are wrapt in one wide
 " flame.

 " And Ruin, dire as this, hath spread
 " Where MONTEZUMA's offspring bled
 " Beneath the ruffian blade;
 " Where, blackening over *Andes'* height,
 " The Condor wheels its monster flight,
 " And bids the enormous plume its iceclad mountain
 " shade.

 " Yet here, though loud the tempest's roar,
 " From *Piercefield's* castle, to the shore
 " Where rough *Tintadgel* frowns,
 " Thy *Albion's* temperate skies shall smile,
 " And summer bless the genial isle,
 " Whilst her green clustering hills the unblasted fruit-
 " age crowns.

 " Here, though the keener lightnings play,
 " 'Tis but to give the infolding day
 " A more salubrious breeze;
 " And, whirling sulphur to the skies,
 " Though *Thules* sink, and *Thules* rise,
 " Her firm-bas'd rocks shall stand, begirt with friendly
 " seas !"

P.

ODE

WRITTEN IN A
PICTURE-GALLERY.

1786.

UPON the dusky-stoled portrait hoar
Slept the silver orb of night:
When in a fleecy cloud the broken light,
Fainting, fled—his tresses froze
Sudden to the moon he shook,
And with awaken'd wildness in his look,
That on deeds of battle mus'd,
From his majestic brow a sabler shade effus'd.

“ Ah! where the worthies of old time, he sigh'd,
“ Where the richly-pictur'd race
“ That fronted the long gallery's scutcheon'd grace?
“ Where the chief, whose mailed pride
“ Near yon pillar erst repos'd;
“ Whilst through the lifted beaver he disclos'd
“ The Crusader's ardent soul,
“ That bade the unhallow'd blood in one wide torrent
“ roll.

- “ What though in ermin’d dignity I view
 “ GLANVILLE’s* venerable form?
 “ No more with life’s expressive semblance warm
 “ Lo, he wears a clay-cold hue!
 “ Pale his consort’s gorgeous train;
 “ Scarce glimmer the faint honours of her chain,
 “ Though but erst the ponderous gold
 “ Flung its resplendent light across each fluid fold.
- “ What though where proud *Godolphin* crowns the
 “ plain
 “ Turreted in antique gloom,
 “ These hoary forms beneath the fretted dome
 “ Rise, in sweeping robe,† again;
 “ There, unheeded too, they fade,
 “ Ah! never by the gazing eye survey’d;
 “ While their pensive shadows fall
 “ In solitary state along the banner’d hall.
- “ There once, when Chivalry’s romantic flame
 “ Fiercely burnt in warrior breasts,
 “ The hospitable Baron hail’d his guests,
 “ Steel-clad by his tissued dame!

* An original Picture of Judge GLANVILLE and his LADY, in the Author’s possession.

† Judge GLANVILLE and his LADY are also represented at Godolphin in Cornwall.

“ Rich the goblet’s golden gleam,
“ Their plum’d casques nodding o’er its spiced stream :
“ And, as many a deed was sung
“ Of valorous enterprize, the roofs high-rafter’d rung.

“ There echoed to the minstrel-harp divine
“ Tales of battling swords that clash’d,
“ As all the tournament its glory flash’d
“ On the chiefs of *Cornish* line;—
“ Tales of KALIBURN, that mow’d
“ A million down, where slaughtering ARTHUR strode;
“ Who, though strong by magic steel’d,
“ Fell a gigantic corse, and shook all *Camlan*’s field!

“ There, in heroic song, the adventurous blade,
“ Storming the dim castle, broke
“ The wizard spell, and, at the massy stroke,
“ Rescued the long-prison’d maid!
“ There, impetuous, from the van
“ The red-cross knight along the ramparts ran;
“ And, distain’d with paynim gore,
“ From *Salem*’s battlements the sacred trophies tore.

“ Such themes, familiar to *Godolphin*’s walls,
“ ’Midst the Baron’s festal cheer,
“ Fill’d, when the deeds of warlike worth were dear,
“ All CORNUBIA’S castle-halls!

" Buried with the mighty dead,
 " From human eye the enthusiast fires are fled:
 " Hers'd I saw LANHYDROCK's lord!
 " There Chivalry last hail'd the high baronial board.

 " To prop yon desolated arch were vain,
 " Mouldering by the moated streams!
 " The unvaulted gate-way through its ivy gleams;
 " As athwart the Gothic fane
 " Yonder wildly-rifted yew,
 " That o'er the cloyster its broad branches threw,
 " Darksome in the days of yore,
 " The wreck of each rude storm still echoes in the
 " roar.

" Perish'd are all the triumphs of romance!
 " Yet, along the drear walls dank,
 " The dinted target's and riv'n corslet's clank
 " Tell of many a bloody lance;
 " Where, *Restormal's* rampires round,
 " To the rough fragment's mass the hills resound;
 " Where *Dunbeved*, frowning deep,
 " Slopes its embattled towers with necromantic sweep."

He ceas'd:—and kindling fearful to the view,
 Rapid as the lightning's ray,
 A spectre on the moon-beam glanc'd away!
 Instant his blank visage grew

Paler than the stiffen'd dead !
(Each column shivering as the spectre fled)
And, the shade of mortal mould,
Dim was his feeble form, his sombre eye was cold.

P.



MONA,

AN

ODE.

I.

“SHROUD, in the billowy mist’s deep bosom shroud
 “My ravag’d isle!”—the voice was vain—
 MONA! mark yon kindling cloud
 That seems to fire the main;
 As, flashing to the distant skies,
 Broad the hostile flames arise
 From the reverential wood;
 Red its central gloom with blood!
 Many a white-rob’d Druid hoar
 Totters in the stream of gore—
 Meets the faulchion’s furious blow,
 Sinking, execrates the foe;
 Or, across the *Cromlech*’s stone,
 Pours his dark mysterious moan;
 Or grasps his shrine, and hails the stroke,
 Stabb’d beneath his holy oak;
 Yelling, while the maniac-maid
 Hurries down the dimwood glade;

And uproots her bristling hair,
Paler amid the ghastly glare !

II.

But lo ! the scenes of other days are fled !

Yet mysterious horror fills
The long-scoop'd dales, where Druids bled,
And deepens the dark hills !
Through the tree-tufted rock, that wide
Opes, as rent, its chasmy side,
Ivied ruins gleaming grey,
Break the torrent's foamy way :
There the Enthusiast loves to dwell,
Low in the romantic dell ;
Tracing temples, abbey walls,
Shiver'd arches, castle halls :
Whether the sun dart his light
'Mid the branches, mossy white ;
Or the star of eve, aslant,
Glimmers on the spectre-haunt ;
Oft as the moon-light Echoes round,
Add their store of mellow sound
To the crash of tumbling heaps
That o'erbrow'd the craggy steeps ;
To the murmurs of the cave,
Fretted by many a restless wave !

P.



ODE

TO THE
RIVER COLY.

1789.

AH! soothing stream, whose murmurs clear
Meet, once again, my pensive ear,
That wand'rest down thine osier'd vale,
Where passion breath'd her melting tale;
Thy evening banks to memory sweet,
I fondly trace, with pilgrim feet!
Here, stealing through the willow shade,
That quiver'd o'er my charming maid,
Full oft hath youthful ardour prest
The bloom of love on LAURA's breast,
While to the languish of her eyes
That heaving bosom blush'd in sighs;
Hung on her lips in rapture warm,
And clasp'd the virgin's thrilling form!
Then every twinkling leaf above
Seem'd conscious of the sighs of love;

Sudden the pathway's easy flow
Wav'd in a gentler curve below;
Each flower assum'd a soften'd hue,
And clos'd his cup in brighter dew!
Though not the same these views appear,
As when I rov'd a lover here;
Though far from LAURA's smile I stray,
And slope my solitary way;
Yet—yet, with no cold glance I see
This winding path, that willow tree;
Yet, musing o'er the streamlet bend,
And in each pebble find a friend;
And eager catch, at every pace,
Of former joys some fading trace—
Some features of the past, that seem
The faery painting of a dream!
But ah! the twilight shadows fall,
Dun evening hastes to darken all;—
A duskier verdure cloaths the dale,
The mossy branches glimmer pale,
And, COLY! the fair scene is o'er,
Thy lovelorn waters mark'd no more!

P.



PART OF
THE EPICEDIUM
 OF
REGNER LODBROG,
 TRANSLATED.

- ‘ *W*HAT’s surer to the warrior brave,
 ‘ Than to meet death’s grisly form—
 ‘ Though he seem to mock the grave,
 ‘ Firm amidst the battle’s storm?
- ‘ He alone in sorrow dies,
 ‘ Who hath never felt a pang!
 ‘ Lo, where pale the dastard flies,
 ‘ Eagles stretch the bloody fang.
- ‘ Life its lingering light in vain
 ‘ To the coward soul affords;
 ‘ While he dreads the carnag’d plain,
 ‘ Trembling at the sport of swords.
- ‘ Fairly match’d to battle go:
 ‘ This is glorious—this is great!
 ‘ Striplings, deal the mutual blow,
 ‘ Nor let man from man retreat.

‘ Long was this the warrior’s fame—
 ‘ Foremost in the roar of arms!
‘ Till such valour marks thy name,
 ‘ *Claim not thou the virgin’s charms!

‘ Led by destiny, we fight;
 ‘ And, if fate our being bound,
‘ Seldom ’tis in mortal might
 ‘ To o’erstep the iron mound.

‘ Little did my heart forebode
 ‘ ELLA’S† power to take my life,
‘ On the day when vengeance glow’d,
 ‘ Snuffing wild the hostile strife;

‘ Fainting when I cover’d o’er
 ‘ Torrents of my fever’d blood;
‘ And, in haste, from off the shore
 ‘ Push’d my bark into the flood.

‘ Then, on every *Scottish* bay,
 ‘ All in triumph, had we spread
‘ The repast for beasts of prey
 ‘ Gorg’d with bodies of the dead.

* None but the brave deserve the fair.

DRYDEN.

† His enemy, who had condemned him to death.

- ‘ Yet I glory!—yet I laugh!
 ‘ Since I know, while now I fall,
- ‘ With my comrades I shall quaff
 ‘ Mantling ale in BALDER’s hall.

- ‘ Yes! on many a festal bench—
 ‘ Yes! our joys shall then be full,
- ‘ When our thirst we shouting quench
 ‘ From the Foeman’s hollow skull.

- ‘ Courage never drooping there
 ‘ Groan’d at death, in ODIN’s dome!
- ‘ Nor with accents of despair
 ‘ To the destin’d hall I come.

- ‘ Now would all ASLAUGA’s race
 ‘ Rush to battle, red with ire,
- ‘ Could they see their father’s face;
 ‘ Could they see their writhing sire.

- ‘ To my sons a nurse I’ve giv’n,
 ‘ Who with valour fill’d their heart—
- ‘ Ah! I feel my body riv’n!
 ‘ Ah! I feel the venom’d smart!

- ‘ Many a viper tears my limbs;
 ‘ Lo! I hurry to my end!
- ‘ Dim in death, each eye-ball swims—
 ‘ Snakes my inmost bosom rend!

- ‘ Yet, I trust, my sons will drench
 ‘ Swift their spears in ELLA’s breast,
‘ From his hands the sceptre wrench;
 ‘ Nor repose in idle rest.
- ‘ Fifty battles have I fought,
 ‘ Rearing the tall standard high:
‘ And my early youth was taught
 ‘ Deep in blood the sword to dye.
- ‘ Then I hop’d no earthly king
 ‘ More renown’d than I, drew breath—
‘ Ah! I feel the mortal sting!
 ‘ But I must not mourn my death.
- ‘ The terrific DYSÆ call!
 ‘ Let me—let me close my song—
‘ ODIN sent them from his hall—
 ‘ How they beckon! how they throng!
- ‘ On a lofty seat elate,
 ‘ I shall quaff the foaming ale;
‘ With the goddesses of fate,
 ‘ And with ODIN’s self regale.
- ‘ Now my bright career is run!
 ‘ Quivers yet my vital fire!
‘ Gasping—panting—lo! ’tis done!
 ‘ With a smile I shall expire!’

ODE

ON THE

SUSCEPTIBILITY OF THE POETICAL MIND.

I.

'T is not for vulgar souls to feel
 Those sacred sympathies refin'd,
 That o'er the Poet's bosom steal,
 When nature, to his glowing mind,
 Each varied form, each colour gives,
 Where rich the bloom of beauty lives.

II.

For him yon' smooth and swelling green
 In contrast with the craggy steep,
 Hath charms, by common eyes unseen,
 As o'er the lawn with shadowy sweep
 That oak's luxuriant foliage flows,
 And to the summer-sunbeam glows.

III.

His fancy-roving eye perceives
 New pleasure in the lucid stream,
 That to the rose's opening leaves
 Reflects a crimson-tinctur'd gleam;

And wanders down the daisied vale
To the tall aspin, quivering-pale.

IV.

For him yon fawns in many a maze
The splendor of the morning court;
Or group'd, enjoy the genial blaze,
As satiate of their frolic sport;
And, with a charm unfelt by few,
The setting glory still pursue.

V.

He sees some faery power illumine
The orient hills with richer light,
Chasing the mist's disparted gloom:
He sees, upon the mountain-height,
Some faery power the pencil hold
To paint the evening-cloud with gold.

VI.

There, as the deep and stilly shade
On night's pale bosom seems to rest,
And from the glimmering azure fade
The last cool tints that streak the west;
He heaves—though others wonder why—
He cherishes the pensive sigh.

VII.

If then, a livelier passion move
The Poet's breast, to nature true;
If in such scenes, with looks of love,
He trace a more attractive hue;

His heart what ecstasy inspires,
The female form when beauty fires.

VIII.

Light, as on air, her steps advance!
Others may gaze with pleasur'd eye—
He casts a more enamour'd glance,
He breathes a more delicious sigh!
Others may hail the enchanting sight—
He faints with tremulous delight!

IX.

The blush of languishing *sixteen*
Which mantles to emotions warm;
That winning negligence of mien;
Those graces of the finest form;
Those shadowy tresses wild, which rove
To kiss the heaving bloom of love.

X.

And melting o'er the accordant keys
Touch'd by her rosy fingers fleet,
Those tones, which, as the dying breeze,
Mix with a voice divinely sweet—
Others unwonted ardours boast;
But, O LETITIA, he is lost!*

* Here the author would be understood only to express that tremulous sensibility—that fine perception of the beautiful, which is inferparable from the Poetical Mind.

XI.

Nor less his vivid feelings prize
The gay HONORIA's artless youth;
Oft as her more effulgent eyes,
Beaming intelligence and truth,
And, kindling quick with fancy, dart
The expression of the untroubled heart;

XII.

Ere with a spirit unrepres't
Her easy converse steal the hours,
Where shines, in blessing others blest,
A soul unconscious of its powers!
Ere yet a woodnote warbled wild
Proclaim her, Nature's favourite child.

XIII.

And if a LAURA's glance so meek,
So gentle—so retir'd an air,
Her native loveliness bespeak;
While as the radiance of the star,
That softly gilds the evening-dew,
Her's is a trembling lustre too;

XIV.

O, if her heart such feelings breathe,
So tender as her blushes tell,
His hand shall weave a modest wreath
To fuit her timid sweetness well;
And ever to her worth awake,
Shall guard it for his LAURA's sake.

XV.

Such are the forms he values most—
 Waves the rich foliage o'er the lawn;
 The dales their roseate treasures boast;
 In sunny mazes sports the fawn;
 The rills their liquid amber pour—
 Still, still he fondly fancies more.

XVI.

“Come, lovely LAURA! grace the shade—
 “O come, to harmonize the whole!”
 Yet, if he meet the melting maid,
 Her beauty fills his ravish'd soul!
 The lawn, the shade, new charms may own—
 The charms he sees in her alone!

P.



ODE

TO
CARE.

PALE CARE away! thy menace I despise!
My bosom hath no cell for such a guest!
Go—to the wrinkled brow and hollow eyes—
There, like the assassin, watch and murder rest!
Blithe will I sing, since from thy fangs I'm free,
And joy shall strew the paths of liberty.

Pale CARE, farewell! fit inmate for despair,
The wintry blast is not more keen than thine;
Thy snow can silver o'er the youthful hair,
And thy cold touch can bid e'en beauty pine:
Sly thief, begone! since from thy fangs I'm free,
Blithe joy shall strew the paths of liberty!

Go mope, and pensive sit with Melancholy
In mouldering cave, or in some lonely dell!
Again to harbour thee I deem it folly!
Far from my bosom fly—pale CARE, farewell!
Blithe will I sing, since from thy fangs I'm free,
And joy shall strew the paths of liberty! S.

FOUR ODES,

WRITTEN AT DIFFERENT PERIODS
ON PUBLIC OCCASIONS.

ODE I.

I. 1.

How dim, how faded is the ray
Which pour'd around effulgent day,
When *Britain* from her glorious height
Dazzled the nations with superior light!
When *PITT* with ardent eye,
Vigour and wisdom by his side,
Pointed her sons to victory!
Instinct with patriot pride,
When every shore her bands unrivall'd saw,
When every sea she rul'd, and stamp'd the imperial
law!

I. 2.

Could Envy bear her full-blown fame;
Her triumphs, and exalted name?
Deep-stung, the *Gauls*, the *Iberians* rise;
Through *Europe's* realms the baleful fury flies!

Not braver, not more virtuous they,
 Not less of pleasure or of vice the prey.
 Who, of their chiefs, appear.
 Transcending gallant HOOD?
 Or PARKER, *Belgia's* lasting fear?
 Or RODNEY, of the flood
 Undoubted arbiter? Who stands supreme
 Like ELLIOT on his rock, of future times the theme?

III. 2.

To her own sons she vail'd her crest.
 If, with internal concord blest,
 If, unestrang'd by partial fate,
 Her sons had not defied their parent state;
 Unmoved, for many an age
 She might have laugh'd to scorn
 Invidious *Europe's* fruitless rage.
 Her fall shall not adorn
Their brows, who still upon the watery plain
 Her naval thunders fled, or wore the captive chain.

III. 3.

Self-vanquisht she; no adverse host,
 Not millions arm'd the deed can boast.
 O *Britain!* could thy loss restore
 One exil'd virtue to thy shore;
 May no heroic HUGHES be found
 With terrors to protect the ground;

But *India*, black Corruption's source,
 Defenceless yield to *Gallia*'s force!
 But ah! what realm deep plung'd in luxury's stream
 E'er rose with honour deckt, with glory's pristine beam?

ODE II.

I.

HIGH heaven decreed—the *Muse* no more
 Exults upon her native shore,
 Viewing the pile by ages rais'd,
 By freedom founded, wisdom prais'd,
 Where Science, Taste, each art refin'd,
 Hail'd the concentr'd powers of mind;
 Where valour brought the spoils of fight,
 By justice render'd doubly bright:
 Where patriot vigour, patriot virtue shone,
 And empire sat sublime, and fill'd her awful throne.

II.

As towering thus above the flood,
 Its dread, its wondrous ramparts stood,
 With conscious energy *she* sung,
 Aloft the glowing wreathes were hung.
 It fell—heaven gave the stern command—
 Its ruins vast o'erspread the land.

No more by prejudice enchain'd,
By partial bonds, her thoughts unrein'd
Expatiate wide, and darting through the sky,
Follow the glittering track, the track of liberty.

III.

No hostile flame her breast inspires;
It burns with purer, nobler fires:
To its impulsive ardour true,
She joins the applause to merit due;
With WASHINGTON adorns her strain,
His fixt contempt of sordid gain,
His fixt contempt of sordid art,
And all the virtues of his heart,
By wealth untempted, or Ambition's lust,
Consistent with himself, and to his country just.

IV.

She sees the votive laurel shine;
She sees a grateful people twine
Its foliage with an olive bough
To incircle GREENE's selected brow.
He too demands her tuneful lays,
Who stood, undazzled by the rays
Of victor pomp, and warrior pride,
And blushing turn'd his eyes aside,
Unwilling to behold the ill-destin'd train
Their vanquisht arms uprear on *Saratoga's* plain.

V.

She sees confusion quit the clime,
And order born, the child of time;
While agriculture thins the woods,
And commerce bounds across the floods;
Sees industry with plenty blest,
And peace in flowing garments drest,
And knowledge, foe to jarring strife,
And all the sweets of polish'd life,
And *Britain* in her offspring rise again,
With happier omens rise, beyond the *Atlantic* main.

VI.

Again accords the *British* lyre
Responsive to the master's fire;
With lucid forms the vallies gleam;
By *Chesapeak*, or *Hudson's* stream,
Enamour'd of her new retreats,
The *British* Muse her notes repeats.
There shall her tragic numbers charm,
Her epic strains with transport warm;
While SHAKESPEARE's ample shade delighted roves,
And MILTON hears his fame remurmur'd through the
groves.

VII.

Nor is the adventurous spirit lost,
Which once their ancestors could boast,
The daring soul, forbidding rest,
And urging on th' intrepid breast.

While on the *Mississippi's* strand
 Thus speaks the genius of the land:
Britannia's progeny, arise!
 This frith, these bounds minute despise!
 My guiding steps with ardent minds pursue;
 The *Californian* shore, the Western confines view!

VIII.

Pierce through the wilds! possess the sea!
 To *India's* borders ope your way!
 O'ershade those waves, with ensigns proud,
 Which none but DRAKE and COOKE have plough'd!
 Downward descend! yon regions trace!
 Assail! expel the *Iberian* race!
 Their fetters burst! the nations cheer!
 And plant the tree of freedom there!
 There be the bolts of righteous vengeance hurl'd!
 And crush, while justice smiles, the tyrants of the
 world!

IX.

Contemplating the ideal draught,
 Lost in the immensity of thought,
 Say, shall the Muse still hover o'er
 This little, this polluted shore?
 Or heed, from her prophetic height,
 This spot, almost a point to sight?
 The Muse, whose numbers echoed round,
 Shall on the *Ohio's* banks resound;

Where'er *America's* broad lakes extend,
Or where her farthest rocks, her wide-stretch'd limits
end.

ODE III.

I.

No—Fancy in her wildest course,
Impell'd by Indignation's force,
Cannot from Memory's bosom tear
The ideas fondly cherisht there.
Where life, where sense, where passion grows,
Thence warm the love of country flows
Deep from the beating heart: no powers
Of vice or folly can destroy the flowers
Which by the balmy stream are fed;
Though withering wan they droop the head,
Though on the ground reclin'd they lie,
Still grateful to the smell, and lovely to the eye.

II.

While Hope expands her varied wings,
And from the glossy plumage flings
Gay beams, to tinge with colours bright
Prospects of yet unborn delight.
No—still entranc'd Reflection roves
Beneath thy science-sheltring groves,

Thy fanes, and cloister'd domes among,
Time-sainted *Isis*! where the classic song
First stole upon my youthful ear,
Eager the notes divine to hear,
In vain soft-warbled to the croud,
Who to *LYÆUS* bend, and chaunt his orgies loud.

III.

Can I forget the fertile meads,
Through which enchanted *Isca* leads
His bounteous stream; or *Alphin's* bank,
The whispering reeds, and osiers dank,
Through which his slender current glides;
The fruitage glistening on his sides;
The hazel copse; the mossy seat;
The tufted elms; the bland, the calm retreat;
Which love enrich'd, which pride may scorn,
Which reason, candour, peace adorn,
Which early life with joy survey'd,
Where age shall wish to dwell and rest its wearied
head?

IV.

A thousand glowing thoughts ascend!
My steps ethereal forms attend!
They cannot fail; they must survive,
True, and substantially alive.
Far from the guilt-invelopt throng
Their hallow'd stay they yet prolong.

In many a dell, and secret glade,
 The milder virtues seek the inspiring shade;
 And (not to slothful ease resign'd)
 The sterner offspring of the mind,
 At Freedom's call prepar'd to brave
 The scepter'd arm of force, and danger's blackest
 wave.

V.

Nor shall the Muses cease to pour
 Their sage, or sweetly-soothing lore,
 While HAYLEY leads the chosen train,
 And SEWARD joins her manly strain;
 And MASON unimpair'd can bring
 His chaplets redolent of spring;
 Which offer'd up, with numbers chaste,
 Bloom in the shrine of elegance and taste.
 Still, though within a narrower bound,
 Conspicuous 'mid the kingdoms round,
 Safe from each plague may *Albion* stand!—
 Oppression's tyrant crew! a Monarch's lawless hand!

VI.

These ills unknown—the veil of fate
 What human eye can penetrate?
 Though adverse storms with furious sway
 Its verdant honours swept away;
 Yet, if uncanker'd be the root,
 New germs, new branches still may shoot.

Some spirit of uncommon strain
 May nobly burst usurping Custom's chain;
 Scorn Policy's erroneous creed,
 Her meanly-temporizing deed,
 Burn with a pure exalted flame,
 For future ages toil, and pant for deathless fame.

VII.

The imagined scene to realize,
 Arise, illustrious youth! arise!
 "Who shall forbid the son to aspire,
 "To rival, to transcend his sire?
 "The realm he dignified, to save?
 "Bind struggling Faction in her cave?
 "The opposing principles set free,
 "Imperial might, and soaring liberty?
 "'Till both unconquer'd, both remain,
 "And fix their joint, mysterious reign?"
 Who *shall* forbid?—when through the gloom
 Such are the sounds he hears from his great father's
 tomb?

ODE IV.

I.

Not on himself alone descends
 The copious dew of public love,
 Whose step to Fame's ethereal mansion tends,
 Through paths which distant æras may approve.

The high reward his offspring share;
While piercing deep within each conscious mind,
They feel the hereditary sting
Impelling young Ambition's vigorous wing
Its emulative flight to dare,
And leave ignoble guilt, and timid vice behind.

II.

Yet, though reflecting on the man
Whose bosom fraught with active zeal
Conceiv'd, and perfected the strenuous plan
Which cloath'd in peerless light the common-weal,
Britannia's voice now bids the son
In government's exalted sphere to sit;
May she with jealousy behold
His talents, cast in Nature's happiest mould,
Blind Faith's implicit tenets shun,
Nor trust without reserve the virtues of a *PITT*.

III.

And thou, young Statesman! on whose head,
While low the boasted *phalanx* lies,
Green laurels from th' enfranchis'd throne are spread,
Still on the people cast thy grateful eyes;
Their inborn liberty revere,
Heaven's plant, which drinks the purest beams of day,
Oh! firmly with the regal power
Its branches mingle in thy hallow'd bower;
Nor, as the vernal buds appear,
Forbid them thick to bloom, and dart their kindred ray.

IV.

Fear not, embracing in thy soul
Each thought from rectitude which springs,
The clouds of sad mischance shall o'er thee roll,
Or Ruin wrap thee in her sable wings.
Not thus shall an impartial land .
Thy actions judge: nor suffer kingly pride,
Or seeming Friendship's treacherous race,
Or Grandeur's offspring leagued in faction base,
To wreck thy vessel on the strand,
Deep-buried its rich freight, or scatter'd o'er the tide.

V.

So shall thy foes in secret own,
That e'en a minister is seen
In Truth's pure vest begirt with Honour's zone;
And idly hope by art or venom'd spleen
To blend with hypocrites his mind;
Who in the private track of life disdains
To spurn with frontless impudence
The eternal laws of probity and sense;
Or rush with passion unconfin'd,
Goad on each wild excess, and loose the frantic reins.

VI.

Unshaken on thyself rely,
Feel thy own worth, and rule secure;
A lasting sway thy proper dignity,
And an applauding nation shall insure.

What joy the Muse's breast inspir'd
 When she the enthusiast energy survey'd,
 Which call'd on thee the helm to seize!
 Saw the fixt principle of former days
 Still by the love of virtue fir'd,
 Uniting every heart, in every face display'd!

VII.

By thee evok'd, from her retreat
 Shall exil'd wisdom blushing rise,
 And patriot ardour grace her chosen seat
 Again effulgent with celestial dies.
 What deeds (revolve we History's page)
 Can one determin'd mind perform?
 Ye ruins of imperial *Rome*!
 Say, when *ITALIA* mourn'd her doom,
 Harrass'd by tyrants in their rage,
 As folly's wanton breath, or madness urg'd the storm.—

VIII.

Say, with what transport she beheld
 Illustrious *TRAJAN*'s awful brow,
 When he the fierce *Barbaric* hosts repell'd,
 Or bade the stream of plenty largely flow;
 How did she venerate the throne
 Of *ANTONINUS* calm and wise!
 Though sunk in shame, as now in dust,
 When freed from cruelty and lust;
 Enlarg'd her towering structures shone,
 Once more her eagle flew, and soar'd amid the skies.

IX.

Nor may thy efforts prove in vain,
O youth, belov'd by *Britain!*—scorn
The livid shades, which, rais'd by party mean,
Would intercept the radiance of thy morn.
And though our lot were milder far
To bend beneath a Monarch's hand,
Than crouching eye the insulting few,
By thee, while envy shuns the view,
Uninjur'd, and without a scar,
Long may thy country's rights and free dominion stand!

X.

Our dire internal waste repair!
Curb the destructive plunderer's might,
And rescue suffering *India* from despair!
Bid commerce spread her sails with fresh delight:
Our pristine character restore;
Each source of latent vigour trace.
On every liberal art display
The bounteous animating ray:
Nor let, indignant, from our shore
The harmonious muse retire, or veil her decent face.

XI.

So shall thy valued name survive
To times remote, with glory blest,
A meed for which thy acts sublimely strive,
A meed rejected by the vicious breast.

But to its love are ever due
Intrepid thought, exertion strong,
Firm sapience, policy refin'd,
Each lucid attribute of mind;
The just, the great, the beautiful, the new,
The unrivall'd statesman's deeds, the immortal charms
of song.

V.



*TWO LOVELY SISTERS.*1791.

CHLORIS is more than heavenly fair;
Angels with envy might her flaxen hair,
Her eyes of blue ethereal fire,
Her lips, the attractive gems of young desire,
Her cheeks with roses on the snowy mould,
And all the graces of her form, behold!

If she be more than heavenly fair,
O CYNTHIA, what art thou?
Her sister and her sweet compeer—
How shall I paint thee? Tell me how?

Thy auburn ringlets which enchain
The soul of love—those jetty orbs which dart
Such arrowy streams upon the heart;
That face, whence sentiment and sense
Their mingled energies dispense,
Such beauties to describe were vain—
While health a nameless attribute bestows,
And shaded by soft brown the pure vermilion glows!

How is my labouring bosom torn,
 When I your different charms survey!
 You surely were for conquest born,
 And I to fall an easy prey!
 O *Venus*, neither will I chuse—
 Could one without the other bless?
 In her, who was denied to my caress,
 I Paradise and all its joys should lose.

V.



THE
SONG of BLONDEL,

An ODE for MUSIC.

ARGUMENT. RICHARD the First, King of England, on his return from the Holy Land, is seized and imprisoned by LEOPOLD, Duke of Austria, in passing through that Prince's dominions. The place of his confinement being discovered by his faithful servant and minstrel : LONDEL, the latter repairs to AUGSBURG, where a meeting of the German Princes is then held, and, at an entertainment given by the Emperor, delivers the following Ode before that Assembly, with the hope of becoming instrumental to his Master's enlargement from his unjust captivity.

RECITATIVE.

PRINCES, and Peers, attend my strain!
 Alas, that in this noble train,
 Who lift the festive goblet high,
 I seek my dearest Lord in vain,
 With whom we brav'd the raging main,
 And forc'd the Saracen to fly!—
 No fabled Chiefs of ancient time
 Shall grace your Minstrel's homely rhyme,
 But Truth his well-known theme supply.

AIR.

See from ISTRIA's inmost bay
 RICHARD's arm the Cross display!
 Warriors haste! the sign is given,
 "Conquest in the cause of Heaven:"
 Haste to join the bold array!*

RECITATIVE.

By LEUCA's hallow'd point we glide,†
 And stem CALABRIA's gulphy tide;
 Till o'er SICILIA's eastern vale
 We mark the mountain-fires grow pale‡
 Before the rising day.

AIR.

Nor less for happy Love,
 Than glorious arms renown'd,
 Imperial Dames, in fair MESSINA's towers,§
 With rival beauty strove,
 In nuptial garlands bound,
 To lead the Captain of the Christian Powers.

* Richard embarked at Trieste, in the gulph of Venice; a consecrated banner was given by the Pope on the occasion.

† St. Mary of Leuca, the northern point of the gulph of Taranto.

‡ Mount Ætna.

§ ALICE, sister of PHILIP AUGUSTUS King of France, and BERENGARIA, Princess of Navarre; the latter of whom RICHARD married, and took with him on his expedition.

AIR.

Ambition *here*, and Policy, divide;
There soft Affection points the future bride.
 Love smiles apart, and triumphs in the prize,
 That ALICE yields to BERENGARIA's eyes.

RECITATIVE.

Impatient King! refrain;*
 Nor 'till the wintry moons are past
 Attempt the faithless main—
 On Afric's shores, beneath a whirlwind's form,
 The fiend of MAHOUN agitates the storm.
 Beneath the driving blast
 Low bends the lofty mast,
 All aid, but HEAVEN, is vain!

AIR and CHORUS.

Escap'd from the dangers that threaten'd the brave,
 Where valour was useless, and force could not save,
 Let music, and mirth, the short moments employ,
 And the Spirit of Gratitude share in the Joy!

AIR.

Now the morning-mist dividing,
 PAPHOS' shelter'd groves arise;

* After wintering at Messina, RICHARD's fleet was driven by a violent storm on the island of Cyprus; in the favourite luxuries of which he is supposed to have too much indulged himself.

Once the rites of VENUS hiding
Unprofan'd by curious eyes.

RECITATIVE *accompanied.*

But see! from yonder bowers of secret bliss,
What blooming forms advance to sounds divine;
Gently they bow, as when to ZEPHYR's kiss
Untainted hyacinths their tops recline:
Some half conceal'd, as only seen by chance,
From myrtle thickets cast the alluring glance;
With choral sports the circling hills resound;
While more familiar those to RICHARD bending,
Their rosy braids, and flower-soft hands extending,
With gentle force the warrior-troop surround.

AIR.

“ Think of fighting fields no more;
“ Taste the joys that youth can give;
“ What is Fame when Life is o'er?
“ Stay with us to love and live.”

AIR.

‘ At morn along the mountain
‘ To chase the bounding prey;
‘ At noon beside the fountain
‘ In myrtle-shades to play;
‘ But when, with eve returning,
‘ The welcome Loves return,
‘ All other pleasures spurning,
‘ For those alone we burn.’

CHORUS.

“ Think of fighting fields no more,
 “ Taste the joys that youth can give;
 “ What is Fame when Life is o’er?
 “ Stay with us to love and live.”

RECITATIVE.

’Twas night—in well-known arms completely steel’d,
 At RICHARD’S side the shade of HENRY stood;
 So look’d his lifeless corse, when horror chill’d*
 The Son’s brave heart to mark the welling blood.
 In silent grief the Father wav’d his hand,
 And pointed stern to GOD’S dishonour’d land.
 The startled Hero wakes to glory’s charms—
 The word is given, the trumpet calls to arms.

AIR.

Hope of SALEM’S injur’d laws!
 Curb of MECCA’S Tyrant-sway!
 Bulwark of the CHRISTIAN cause!
 Set the lances in array!

RECITATIVE.

The wheeling ARAB’S distant sling,
 The MOORISH shaft’s envenom’d wing,

* The dead body of HENRY the Second is said to have burst out into bleeding, on his Son’s appearance at the place of interment.

In circling storms shall idly play;
 As vain yon moving towers divide
 The long-drawn battle's moony pride,
 The Lion-Warrior to dismay:
 Nor those, their trampled leaders, bear
 The lightning glance of RICHARD's spear
 That thrills the SOLDAN's inward line,
 Till fix'd on ASCALON's high wall,
 The pride of nations to appal,
 The CHRISTIAN banner shine.

AIR and CHORUS.

Maids of ACRA, lift the veil;
 Safely now your charms display! *
 Youths, the passing victor hail!
 Priests, and Matrons, join the lay!
 Let sacred hills his name rebound;
 And EUROPE triumph in the sound!

RECITATIVE.

But YE, that listen to my strain,
 Say now—what happy bowers retain
 This terror of the PAYNIM host?
 Alas—by CHRISTIAN hands betray'd,
 He numbers in a dungeon's shade
 The slow-pac'd hours to Glory lost!

* The exemplary chastity of the Virgins of Acra, (where RICHARD embarked on his return) celebrated by Historians of the time, when that virtue was so highly praised, and so rarely practised.

AIR.

Ev'n now his Barons gird the sword,
His Vassals claim their captive Lord
Sequester'd from his rightful throne;
The King, whose generous soul disdain'd
To keep the crowns his valor gain'd,*
Nor conquer'd for himself alone—
Then suffer BLONDEL to complain
That still throughout this noble train
Who lift the festive goblet high,
He seeks the gallant Prince in vain,
That led them o'er the raging main,
And forc'd the SARACEN to fly.

W.

* RICHARD, among other acts of munificence, bestowed the Throne of Cyprus upon CONRADE, who was the Competitor of Lusignan for the titular crown of Jerusalem.



ODE,

OCCASIONED BY

THE DEATH OF PRINCE LEOPOLD,

SON OF THE

DUKE OF MECKLENBURGH-SWERIN;

Drowned in the river *Oder*, during the inundations in 1784 or 1785,
in endeavouring to rescue a family of children, whose mother
intreated him to give orders for that purpose.

LET Praise the Victor's act record,
And nations deify the sword
 With human sacrifice impure;
To such, when fate has given the blow,
The service of external woe
 Shall long-prescriptive right secure:

But ah! the tears, the sighs, that part
Spontaneous from the deep-charg'd heart
 The formal summons disobey;
This envied meed from distant lands
The name of LEOPOLD commands,
 And every friend of man shall pay.

Whose powder'd critics join at Fashion's call
To mock with feeble light thy noontide rays.

Nor THINE with servile efforts to retrace
What arts of elder times had made their own,
Selected features of ideal grace
In breathing paint, or Promethean stone,
Or verse that time respects, and worlds admire.
Self-rich in Nature's elemental store,
Perennial fountain! unexhausted mine!
THINE, like a GOD, with absolute controul
To sway the movements of the various soul,
O'erleap the walls of empyrean fire,
And sketch with awful hand the vast design.

W.



ODE

FROM

FULVIO TESTI.

PROUD rivulet with headlong tide
Down the steep mountain's craggy side,
Swoln by the meltings of the vernal year,
How torrent-like thou roll'st thy April wave!
Scarce did of late thy meagre stream appear,
The shallow pebbles of the brook to lave.

Check, oh! check thy boisterous roar,

Nor so fiercely lash the shore.

No glassy fountain gave thee birth,
Within the caverns of the earth.
Soon o'er the snowy floods of spring
Shall Summer's sultry heat prevail;
Drought to thy source shall August bring,
And all thy empty froth exhale.

W. N.



THE
BRACELET.

TO
ELIZA.

WHILST in your eyes my love I trace,
And hang enamour'd o'er your face ;
Your arm, BELLEROPHON,* may press,
And still no fears my soul distress.
Within my breast love reigns alone,
And sees no rival near the throne.
Secure alike of peace and joy,
Not e'en possession's self can cloy.
Whilst at your side all this I feel,
Nor can my eyes the truth conceal.
But leaving what we love behind,
That dread chimera of the mind,
Can e'en to sculptur'd stone impart,
A rival's air, a rival's art.

* BELLEROPHON and PEGASUS were the subject of the bracelet.

Then, O ye daughters of the brain,
 The restless lover ne'er disdain,
 For whom the son of GLAUCUS tried,
 On vaulting PEGASUS to ride;
 Teach me my monsters to subdue,
 Like him who *Lycia's* dragon slew:
 Teach me to sing in rapturous lays,
 ELIZA's name, ELIZA's praise.
 O sweetest of the fair! attend,
 True source of love, whom all commend;
 'Tis thine to charm with graceful ease,
 And all the various powers to please.
 Airs of coquette and prude we find
 Alike ungenial to thy mind—
 Skill'd to discern the wise from fools,
 Without pretence to learned rules;
 Adept in Nature's simple lays,
 Unstudied elegance of phrase;
 No subject of a temper's tide,
 Exempt from meanness as from pride.
 These are thy virtues, lovely maid,
 My feeble pencil has pourtray'd,
 With faint impressions that diminish,
 Too weak to flatter, or to finish.

W. N.



VIRTUE,

AN IRREGULAR

ODE,

WRITTEN FOR THE

ENCOENIA,

That in 1755 were celebrated at OXFORD,

IN HONOUR OF

The COUNTESS of POMFRET,

AND ON HER GIVING THE FAMILY COLLECTION OF

ANCIENT MARBLES to the UNIVERSITY.

I.

To thee, bright daughter of the *Eternal Mind*,
 To thee, bright Empress of the angelick kind,
 I raise the raptur'd strain:
 When first creation wak'd her plastic powers,
 And rising angels wing'd the ethereal bowers,
 Soft-smiling VIRTUE rose, congenial with the train,

Low at thy throne, fair Deity,
 Flush'd as thou art with every grace that warms,
 The Seraph's fire-clad pomp, the Cherub's milder
 charms,

Each blissful brother of the sky
 In never-ceasing homage bows,
 In never-ending numbers glows:
 While o'er the Heaven's immortal bounds
 The rose-lip'd partner of thy regal sway,
 PLEASURE, thy twin-born sister, rounds
 The laughing moments of eternal day.

And when the LOGOS, bent on Nature's birth,
 Look'd wild Confusion from her old domain,
 And bad Perfection spread the smiling earth;
 Goddess, with joy you saw your growing reign:
 With joy you mark'd this orb to rise,
 The future seed-plot of the skies;
 While strong Devotion kindled o'er your mind.
 With joy you hail'd the genial hours,
 Big with the deed eternally design'd,
 And wak'd with warblings of the heavenly powers:
 Then Man up-rear'd his form sublime,
 'The cause, the crown, the center of the whole;
 Proportion liv'd in every limb,
 And God's high image stamp'd his never-dying soul.

II.

Descend, thou Queen of every praise,
 Rob'd in all the beamy blaze
 Of heaven-born Majesty,
 Descend, and with thee bring along
 The blushing Cherub, meek-eyed Modesty;

Honour, superior to the groveling throng,
 That vainly mimic her exalted mien.
 Here, Goddess, here on *Britain's* fairest plain,
 For ever take thy sacred stand,
 For ever wave thy tutelary wand:
 Here, Goddess, here thy brightest rays bestow,
 The Patriot breast's ethereal flame,
 The scienc'd Sage's milder glow,
 The faith-fir'd Christian's animated aim:
 Each grace, that lifts the mental glories high,
 And tunes the impassion'd soul in moral harmony.

She hears: and lo! to *Britain's* fairest plain,*
 Deputed from her subject train,
 Her POMFRET takes her sacred stand,
 Her POMFRET waves her tutelary wand;
 And full on LEARNING's consecrated bowers
 The invigorating rays of kindly favour pours.

III.

Though beauty brightens in yon evening beam,
 That gilds all nature with a lively gleam;
 Though beauty dances on the sparkling rill,
 That steals sweet-wandering round yon eastern hill;
 Though beauty cloaths the velvet lawn below,
 And bids yon fleecy clouds with golden edgings glow:
 Though music warbles from that night bird's spray,

* Oxford.

Swells the wild trill, and soothes the dying lay:
 Though fragrance wantons o'er this opening flower,
 This whitening hawthorn, or this woodbine bower;
 Or rides on every balmy gale,
 That sweeps the blowing beans in yonder vale:
 In vain to VICE the radiant landscape glows,
 The night-bird warbles, or the woodbine blows.

For thee, for thee alone,
 Blest parent of each joy
 That to the heart is known,
 Eve spreads her scenes in faery majesty.

For thee, for thee, Night's planet mounts the skies,
 And gives a softer glory to our eyes;
 Where, with a robe of silver splendour bound,
 A shadowy radiance sits on Nature's smiling round.

Nor less for thee the brighter Morning spreads
 The lustre of her dewy meads,
 For thee she wakes each modest grace,
 That crimsons on her maiden face;
 For thee, her warbler tempts the ærial way,
 Rides on the dawning clouds, and pours his living lay.

For thee, for thee alone,
 Blest parent of each joy,
 That to the heart is known,
 Eve, night and morning, rise in gay variety.

IV.

VIRTUE, 'tis thine to blunt the force of woe,
Forbid the tide of grief to flow,
Snatch the sick spirit from its ills that press,
And lap it in a sweet forgetfulness.

See! Melancholy, love-lorn maid,
Nymph of the streaming tears and bursting sighs,
That bids the visionary sorrows rise,
And hovering haunt her shade,
Starts at thy wakening power,
Nor more with folded arms and clouded brow,
Laid at the foot of some o'er-hanging tower,
Listens the widow'd turtle's tuneful woe!

And e'en when pale Disease appears,
The grisly daughter of Mortality,
Thrills in our nerves, or riots in our veins;
When nature shudders at Eternity,
And gives us up to fears;
Thy presence soothes our agonizing pains,
Sheds o'er our bosoms Hope's enlivening ray,
Or to the mind's enraptur'd eye
Presents the glorious visions of the sky,
The extatic rounds of bliss, the eternal blaze of day.

V.

Hail, VIRTUE, hail! Behold, I lead along
The youthful empress of the song,

Raptur'd to wanton o'er thy fragrant ways,
Raptur'd to triumph in thy fruitful praise.

Such God's high will, when first the maid,
Majestic offspring of Heaven's tuneful plains,
Descending warm'd us with the angelic ray;

That still the nymph, in VIRTUE's aid,
Should moralize the transports of her strains,
And wing our wishes to the realms of day.

'Twas VIRTUE first that tun'd her infant tongue,
Taught her to warble wildly free,
To swell the full-choir'd Seraph's burning song,
And wake the golden harp to extasy.

Rise then, fair Queen, indignant take thy flights,
High over VICE's visionary heights;
Bid all thy wreaths on VIRTUE's votaries wait,
And bloom immortal o'er the genuine great:
E'en as at this illustrious hour,
Thy justest chaplets on a POMFRET shine,
Grac'd with the smiles of learning and of power,
And 'thron'd in VIRTUE's beams on merit's brightest
shrine.

W. R.



MANCHESTER,

An ODE.*

I.

WHEN first Rebellion rear'd his crest
 O'er our fair Empire of the West,
 And dar'd to challenge *Britain's* awful sword:
 To arms, to arms, MANCUNIAM cried;
 To arms, to arms, the realm replied;
 And armies mov'd obedient to the word.†

* This Ode was written to promote the spirit, that, in the Author's opinion, so gloriously displayed itself in the town, on receiving authentic intelligence of General BURGOYNE's defeat by the *American* rebels. A resolution was formed to raise a regiment for the Crown, at the expence of the town and neighbourhood. The colours were produced, and a procession was made, on December 24th, 1777; sixteen were enlisted that day. Four hundred came in within the single month of February afterwards; and the whole regiment, consisting of one thousand men rank and file, eighty serjeants, corporals, and drummers, and forty-two officers, was completed by the 30th of March 1778, at the expence of about 8000*l.* raised entirely by particular subscriptions. Among other expedients used to excite and diffuse a proper spirit, was the present Ode; which was spoken in the Play-house by Mr. KEMBLE, now manager of Drury-Lane theatre, and then an actor of considerable eminence in the town.

† This alludes to the town presenting the first address to the King, for reducing the *American* rebels.

II.

The *British* thunders roll'd their force,
 The *British* light'nings wing'd their course,
 And death and terror follow'd where they flew:
 Rebellion hung his drooping head,
 His arm unnerv'd, his spirit fled,
 And half his armies blasted by the view.

III.

But, *Britain*, in this race of fame,
 Which of thy daughter-towns may claim
 The greatest share of glory for the whole?
 'Tis MANCHESTER that claims the share,
 'Twas MANCHESTER that urg'd the war,
 'Twas MANCHESTER that wak'd the *British* soul.

IV.

And when the flying, trembling train,
 That could by force no victory gain,
 Contriv'd to steal one with a Coward's sleight;
 When BURGOYNE, and his little host
 Of gallant warriors, late was lost,
 O'er-power'd by numbers in the unequal fight;

V.

When o'er the bosom of our isle
 "Grinn'd horribly a ghastly smile"
 The fiend of faction from his *London* stand;
 And *Britain's* angel half-inclin'd,
 His strong plumes fluttering in the wind,
 To drop the sword of vengeance from his hand;

VI.

No fear, no faction could controul
The well-weigh'd purposes of soul,
Which, MANCHESTER, thy manly spirit steel'd;
With double force thy genius rose,
With double ardour brav'd the foes,
And bad thy sons move instant to the field.

VII.

Instant the eternal fund of fire,
Reserv'd for *Britain's* day of ire,
Burns in her breast, and bursts into a blaze:
With double force she scours the main,
With double ardour sweeps the plain,
And hunts Rebellion through his every maze.

VIII.

But, *Britain*, in this race of fame,
Which of thy daughter-towns may claim
The greatest share of glory for the whole?
'Tis MANCHESTER that claims the share,
'Twas MANCHESTER re-urg'd the war,
'Twas MANCHESTER re-wak'd the *British* soul.

W. R.



A BRIDAL ODE,

ON THE

MARRIAGE of the AUTHOR's BROTHER,

NOVEMBER 1768.

I.

HAIL to the morning's gentle light,
That, peeping o'er yon rocky height,
Streams through my curtains with a yellowish ray:
Struggling through dark November's skies,
It bids the slow morn earlier rise,
And calls me to my Brother's Bridal Day.

II.

This day no mercenary bands
Form the mere union of the hands,
And leave Indifference freezing in the breast:
Love claims the day as all his own;
His rival, Prudence, marks it down;
Bright burns the torch of Love, by Prudence drest.

III.

This day no trifling, transient loves,
Soon kindled and soon burnt, approves;

The mere creation of a young desire:
Worth lighted up the gentle gleam,
Acquaintance fann'd it to a flame,
And Friendship watches now the glowing fire.

IV.

In the white robes of office drest,
The Friend, the Brother, and the Priest,
Solemn begins Religion's holy rite:
In all, awe's soft emotions reign,
The Bridal Pair, the incircling train;
And hovering angels gladden at the sight.

V.

The rite proceeds; the pious strain,
Deep-sounding through the vaulted fane,
Shews the first pair in *Eden's* blissful bower;
The hands are join'd, the blessing given;
Invok'd the choicest gifts of heaven,
And Pleasure pointed out as Virtue's dower.

VI.

And may ETERNAL GOODNESS shed
Each wish'd-for blessing on your head,
The Sister by a Brother much approv'd!
And may ETERNAL GOODNESS send
Each wish'd-for blessing to attend
On you, my Brother, long so greatly lov'd!

VII.

May round you rise a little race,
 The mirrours of each parent face,
 The better mirrours of each parent mind;
 'Till you your courtship shall renew,
 JAMES in his boys again shall woove,
 And BETSY in her girls again be kind!

VIII.

May each in other yearly trace
 Borrow'd from each some mental grace,
 Softening his mind, and giving strength to hers!
 And may, much more, Religion's power
 Progressive mark your every hour,
 Raise you o'er Time, and fit you for the Stars!

W. R.



ODE.

“ O THYRSIS ! o’er thy tortur’d breast
“ To spread the oblivion’s veil of rest,
“ One short-liv’d hour of ease to gain;
“ How oft thy DAMON strives in vain !
“ No prayers appease, no songs controul,
“ The tumults of thy saddening soul.
“ Again, at friendship’s blest command,
“ I seize the lyre with hurried hand;
“ For thee, alas ! unskill’d to sing,
“ I wake the sympathetic string :
“ But ere the cheerful notes rejoice,
“ O’erwhelming sorrow drowns my voice :
“ Love’s pensive spectre chills my sight,
“ Hush’d are the warblings of delight ;
“ With burning throbs my heart beats high,
“ The tears hang trembling on mine eye ;
“ And from the lyre, nor silver sound
“ Nor airy measures float around !”

Cease, DAMON, cease : that tender strain
But adds a keener edge to pain !

See, Pity, midst the cheerless air,
Unheeded pours her melting prayer.
Increasing woes my peace destroy,
And banish every thought of joy.
Alas! while love and grief conspire
To swell the storm of fortune's ire,
While sickness wastes my wither'd frame,
How dimly gleams life's lingering flame!

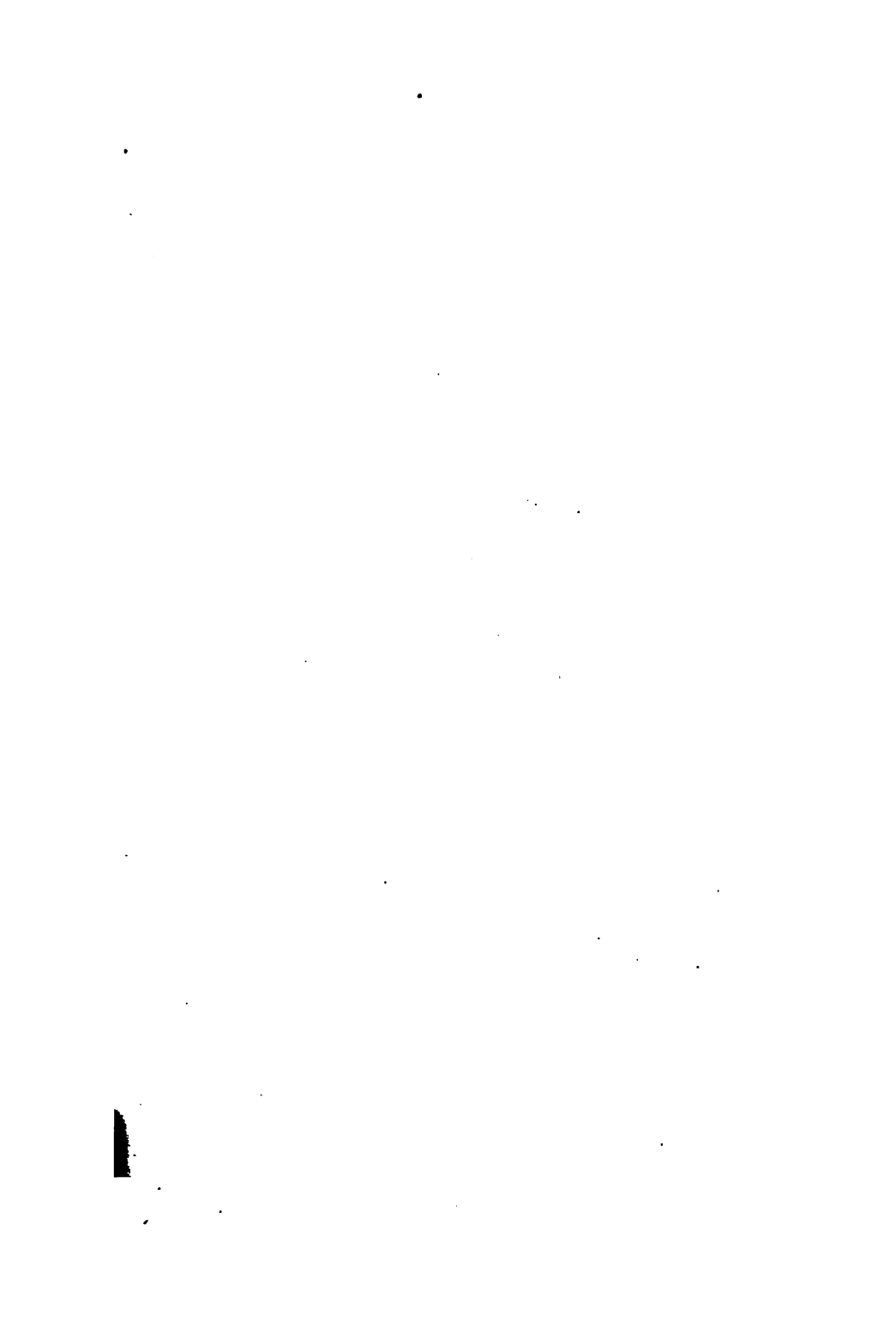
Friend of my youth, why thus deplore?
Can tears my blighted hopes restore?
In vain the Muse each effort tries!
Can cheering words, can social sighs,
Can all the charms of verse avail,
When foes so fiercely leagued assail?
Ah, no:—for ever from my sight
Love's glittering phantoms wing their flight.
Then mix no more thy plaints with mine,
Fly, DAMON, fly: thy friend resign.
No longer o'er his sorrows weep,
In *Lethe's* wave his image steep;
Since fate, with unrelenting doom,
Consigns him to an early tomb.

V.





PASTORAL PIECES.



PASTORAL PIECES.

MILON and DAMETAS,

A PASTORAL.

From GESSNER.

DAMETAS.

WHERE strays our ram? he plunges in the mire;
And lo, the flocks pursue their giddy sire!
This marsh produces nought but rankest weed,
And in these waters noxious insects breed:
Come, let us drive them hence.

MILON.

How stupid they!
Here, though trefoil and thyme their leaves display,
Though fragrant lavender here deck the ground,
And every shrub is clasp'd with ivy round,
For herbage vile these tempting haunts they quit:
And yet, DAMETAS, such is human wit!
We leave the good behind, the ill to know.

DAMETAS.

Fools as ye are, say, whither would ye go?
Amid these reeds ye but disturb the frog;
Return, ye senseless, leave that filthy bog,
Regain your verdant banks! O shameful sight!
How soil'd your fleeces, late so snowy white!

MILON.

At length, then, ye are safe; ah, quit no more
Your flowery lawns and vegetable store!
But what, DAMETAS, do my eyes behold?
See, marble pillars 'mid the putrid mould!
Rushes and flags their sculptur'd pride surround.
Behold that ruin'd arch with nettles crown'd,
With brambles choak'd, a spectacle forlorn,
And from its crevices shoots forth the thorn!

DAMETAS.

'Twas once a monument.

MILON.

I see it well.

There lies an urn, adorn'd with warriors fell,
Its sides embost, and steeds, which scorn the rein,
Trampling o'er many a wretch in battle slain.
Ah! he who wish'd his tomb those forms to wear,
Ne'er bore a crook, ne'er lov'd the shepherd's care;
The man, whose trophies proud here ruin'd lie,
Ne'er view'd these villages with friendly eye;

Posterity ne'er sought his name to save,
Nor grateful swains bestrew'd with flowers his grave.

DAMETAS.

Bestrew'd his grave! Inhuman was his pride;
He laid these fertile plains in ruin wide;
The laws of equal nature heard with scorn,
And thought mankind for him and slavery born.
Beneath his steeds, beneath his warrior host,
The poor man's food, the Farmer's hopes were lost;
Our slaughter'd ancestors were strew'd around;
He dy'd with gore the desolated ground.
As ravenous wolves rush from the craggy hill,
With eager speed, the timid flocks to kill;
His armed squadrons thus with vengeance base,
Destroy'd our inoffensive peaceful race.
His grandeur he uprear'd on mighty guilt,
The blood of ravag'd provinces he spilt,
In marble palaces his pride display'd,
Living, a curse; and an example, dead.
He rais'd these trophies in a barbarous age,
The horrid trophies of his brutal rage.

MILON.

Detested monster! fond of frantic fame!
He knew not that this tomb was rais'd to shame:
His monument of guilt to after-times,
That late posterity might curse his crimes.

And now, behold the ruins of the vain!
His ashes mixt with common earth again.
The urn which held them, see the slime infest,
And there the poisonous reptiles form their nest.
Who can behold, without resentment fixt,
Without a smile, with dread and pity mixt,
The hero's helm a seat to frogs afford,
The snail crawl careless on his vengeful sword?

DAMETAS.

From all his savage grandeur, what proceeds?
The odious memory of his heinous deeds;
While to the shades below his ghost is borne,
For ever by remorseless furies torn.

MILON.

None can, none dare his memory revere,
Not one will offer up a single prayer.
Immortal gods! how wretched he, whose days
Are stain'd with crimes and miseries like these!
Though he no more exist, still lives his shame,
And execration loads his hated name.
The world and all its riches to obtain,
I would not on my conscience fix a stain.
Were all my wealth to two poor goats confin'd,
I'd rather keep with them my peace of mind;
Nay, one of these I'd offer up to heaven,
In grateful transports for its favours given,

DAMETAS.

This place, these images, disgust the heart;
Let us, my friend, with honest scorn depart.
A different monument thy eyes shall view,
A nobler pile, to sacred honour due;
Due to my father; he the structure plann'd;
Mean time, ALEXIS, guard our fleecy band.

MILON.

I'll view thy father's tomb with love sincere;
The distant hamlets still his worth revere.

DAMETAS.

Come on, my friend; let us together tread
Where winds the path across yon verdant mead;
Close by, where round their poles the hop-leaves twine,
And where with swelling clusters bends the vine.

They gain the farm: through verdant meads they
haste,
Where the rich herbage rises to their waist.
They pass through fields, whose furrows yet unshorn,
High as their heads, support the waving corn.
They pass beneath tall trees with fruitage crown'd,
Whose shadowy rows a decent cot surround.
DAMETAS strait brings forth his rural fare,
Culls the delicious fruit with nicest care,
A bowl capacious fills with new-made wine:
Under the leafy shade the swains recline.

MILON.

In vain, my friend, around I cast my eyes;
Where does thy father's monument arise?
Ere we enjoy the feast, and jovial hour,
To him the just libation let me pour.

DAMETAS.

Behold it here! beneath this peaceful shade,
This hallow'd bower, be thy libation made.
Where'er you look, his monument is plac'd,
This was a desert rude, a barren waste;
He fertiliz'd these fields with generous toil,
He crown'd with trees, with plants, the niggard soil.
We and our children shall his memory bless,
And all who share our feast his worth confess.
The bliss, his virtue earn'd, with us remains,
Protects our roof, and cheers our fruitful plains.

MILON.

O truly glorious man! this cup of wine,
Due to the memory of the good, be thine!
Who can a monument more lasting rear—
Dear to Humanity, to Virtue dear—
Than he, who leaves an honest race behind,
Heirs to their Parent's wealth, their Parent's mind,
Whose actions die not, when he yields his breath,
Whose labours still are useful after death?

D.

*THE CATERPILLAR;**

OR,

THE FORTUNATE ALLUSION.

A PASTORAL POEM.

"THE truest love is most reserv'd and shy;
" No look of confidence or boldness wears;
" Known by the humble brow and soften'd eye,
" And full of wav'ring doubts and anxious fears."

Thus *Strephon* sung, as in the woodbine bower
He woo'd young *Thespia* with his plaintive strains:
And who like *Strephon* skill'd in love's soft power,
And who more faithful of our rustic swains?

'Twas evening mild: and *Phæbus*' setting beams
Had ting'd the purple heath with ruddy fire;
Whilst up the vale the trembling radiance streams,
And gilds the summit of the village spire:

* There is a fly called the *Ichneumon*, which lays its eggs in the *Caterpillar* whilst alive: although the young worms prey on its intestines, the insect at this time appears in perfect health, and eats voraciously; but in its aurelia state the young flies eat their way through it, and it expires before it becomes a butterfly.

When *Colin*, trudging homeward through the glade,
Saw *Sylvia* running with disorder'd air;
"Shepherd," she cries, "I claim thy friendly aid,
"Assist a damsel half undone by fear.

"Full sure I promis'd, ere the close of day,
"To meet young *Damon* in the beechen grove;
"But see the frowning bull prevents my way,
"Oh, guard me, shepherd, to the man I love."

She grasp'd his hand, most willing to prevail,
And sought with anxious look the swain's reply;
But startled, as she saw his cheek grow pale,
And anguish tremble in his tearful eye.

"Alas! why pales so fast thy glowing cheek,
"Why is thine eye with conscious terror full?
"Why trembles thus thy frame, kind shepherd, speak,
"Dost thou too, *Colin*, fear the frowning bull?"

"I know not fear," reply'd the eager swain,
"Nor is it terror rends this feeling breast;
"But thou, dear Maid, must never know my pain,
"Deep in my bosom let my sorrows rest.

"Ah! why should envy taint the heart of youth?
"Faithful I'll trust thee to young *Damon*'s care;
"May he repay thy love with matchless truth,
"Whilst hapless *Colin* pines in deep despair."

As when the traveller, with haggard eyes,
Sees the blue lightning rive the knotted oak;
So stood the maid, o'ercome with strange surprize,
As from his lips these plaintive accents broke.

For long had *Colin* sway'd her gentle heart,
And oft with modest hint she own'd his sway;
But thought the shepherd felt not *Cupid's* dart,
So left the maid to hopeless love a prey.

At length she summon'd all a female's pride,
And yielding to her aged sire's command,
From senseless *Colin* turn'd her thoughts aside,
And promis'd *Damon* her reluctant hand.

"Can *Colin* love," exclaim'd the astonish'd maid,
"Ah me, how well-conceal'd this secret fire;
"Say, has one word, one look of thine betray'd
"E'en the young dawning of this fond desire?"

"When late we wander'd down the flowery vale,
"Then was the time to make thy passion known;
"Then was the time to tell thy honest tale,
"But know, alas! the blest occasion's flown.

"Yet there in vain I tried that breast to move,
"You shunn'd my glances with averted eye;
"Beheld young *Damon* woo me to his love,
"Nor heav'd thy bosom one conflicting sigh.

“ Thy soul was fix’d on *Cloe*’s riper charms,
“ With her in mirth you pass’d the jocund hour;
“ The maid, whose modest wishes claim’d those arms,
“ Left uncontested to thy rival’s power.

“ And, canst thou murmur, *Damon* gain’d this heart,
“ This tender heart, which *Colin* cast away;
“ No more, ’tis past; and, shephérð, we must part,
“ To-morrow’s sun lights up my bridal day.”

Thus spake the Maid, nor urg’d the youth reply,
Silent he stood as fix’d in deep despair;
At length from earth he rais’d his timid eye,
And thus in faltering voice address’d the fair:

‘ Say then, did *Colin* in thy bosom reign?
‘ Distracting thought! but what can tears avail;
‘ Yet grant, fair Maid, the wretched to complain,
‘ And hear, in pity hear, my hapless tale.

‘ When first a vermeil rose you blush’d to view,
‘ The pride and comfort of old *Dorus*’ age;
‘ Deep in my breast love’s rankling shaft I drew,
‘ Whose pangs, nor time, nor patience, can assuage.

‘ Nor pass’d unheeded then—oh, gentle Maid!
‘ Thy soften’d look and lustre-darting eye;
‘ Oft was thy image on my mind display’d,
‘ Oft from my bosom stole the unbidden sigh.

- ‘ Then would I say, Can *Sylvia* love like me,
‘ *Sylvia*, the joy and hope of every swain;
‘ Say, *Colin*, can she fix her thoughts on thee,
‘ On thee, the meanest peasant of the plain?
- ‘ Will *Dorus*, rich in flocks and lowing kine,
‘ For rigid avarice fam’d throughout our land,
‘ To thee, unfriended and unknown, resign
‘ His choicest treasure in his *Sylvia*’s hand?
- ‘ Ah! let not vanity thy reason sway,
‘ Ill-fated youth, no more thyself deceive;
‘ From hopes delusive turn thy thoughts away,
‘ Nor friendship’s smiles for love’s fond beams believe.
- ‘ Safe in thy bosom let thy secret rest,
‘ With silent anguish be that bosom torn;
‘ But, never, never be thy soul opprest
‘ With *Sylvia*’s pity, or old *Dorus*’ scorn.
- ‘ ’Twas now that from our town young *Damon* came,
‘ No more a rustic, but with courtly mien;
‘ Our maids enamour’d, mourn’d their hopeless flame,
‘ For *Damon*’s smile crown’d thee our village queen.
- ‘ But when he woo’d thee in the flow’ry vale,
‘ By *Dorus*’ self intrusted to his care;
‘ T’was then my cheek with horror blank grew pale,
‘ Hope’s bud unripen’d chill’d by keen despair.

- ‘ Now from thy fatal sight I strove to fly,
 ‘ And swore by absence to forget my love;
‘ Hence shunn’d thy melting voice and soften’d eye,
 ‘ And toy’d with *Cloe* in the beechen grove.
- ‘ Hence, in the dance and glee my chief employ,
 ‘ Haply in frolic to forget my pains;
‘ Grief, ill-subdued, gave wildness to my joy,
 ‘ And stamp’d me chief amongst our mirthful swains.
- ‘ Must I again behold these fatal charms?
 ‘ Alas! unsought by me this luckless hour;
‘ Must I resign thee to young *Damon*’s arms?
 ‘ Must *Colin* yield thee to his rival’s power?
- ‘ To thee, O Cyprian Queen, I raise my prayer!
 ‘ With mutual flame inspire this charming Maid;
‘ So in the myrtle-grove thy fane I’ll rear,
 ‘ So be to beauty all my homage paid.”
- He ceas’d: “ O youth unkind,” the Maid replies,
 “ Ah, why deceive me with thy artful strain?
“ From grief’s sad mansion heaven-born comfort flies,
 “ Can mirth with sorrow, joy with anguish reign?
- “ Robb’d of her mate, the bird on yonder spray
 “ In plaintive sadness spends the live-long hour:
“ See, the dark cloud veils *Phæbus*’ golden ray,
 “ How artless droops its head yon fragrant flower.

"In vain shall *Colin* then his love impart,
 "In vain to win me all his skill employ;
 "'Till nature's volume shew another heart,
 "That hides its sorrows in a mask of joy."

How oft, when clearest eloquence hath fail'd,
 Some apt allusion has secur'd applause;
 How oft, when truth itself has not prevail'd,
 Has some quaint semblance gain'd the lover's cause.

So *Colin* sped, unable to reply;
 And who shall *Colin's* sad confusion tell?
 'Till Chance or *Venus* turn'd his downcast eye
 On a white hawthorn in the rocky dell.

'Oh, goddess! kindly now thy power reveal,
 'And aid a lover's cause,' the shepherd cried:
 'To thy own sentence, *Sylvia*, I appeal;
 'By nature's volume shall my cause be tried.

'Think you, because in smiles I wear my face,
 'No secret sorrow can this breast invade?
 'Dear maid, yon beauteous insect's progress trace,—
 'Behold him there beneath the hawthorn's shade.

' *Sylvia*! How gay he crops the curling leaf!
 'How pleasant twines in many a wanton fold!
 'Say, can yon insect feel corroding grief,
 'Whose glossy skin is sprinkled o'er with gold?

‘ Yet shall this insect, sprinkled o’er with gold,
‘ Ne’er fan the air with many-colour’d wing:
‘ Deep lurks disease in every shining fold;
‘ There the dire gadfly plants his deadly sting.’

He ceas’d; nor word the smiling *Sylvia* spoke,
Whilst from her breast pour’d forth the frequent
sigh;

Full on the curling leaf she casts her look,
Nor dar’d to *Colin* raise her melting eye.

The swain enraptur’d saw at last his power,
Close to his bosom press’d the yielding Maid;
And bashful *Colin* owes his happiest hour
To the poor insect in the hawthorn shade.

D. E.



THE HALF-PEEL'D TURNIP,

A PASTORAL BALLAD.

"Hail, gentle SHENSTONE! prince of *Namby-Pamby*;

"Bless'd be thy Lark, thy Linnet, and thy Lamby."

THE rain, it is coming down fast,
The frogs they are hopping around;
The season of drought it is past,
The earth-worms crawl out of the ground:
The ants, that so crept up the trees,
Are all now retir'd to their nest;
Snug in hive stay the flower-loving bees,
'Tis holiday all, and 'tis rest:

The rook no more caws in the grove,
Nor the wood-dove she maketh her moan;
All dull is the season of love,
And *Corydon's* pleasure is flown:
For *Phyllis* had promis'd to meet—
All down in the dew-sprinkled vale;
But he saw not the prints of her feet,
He saw not the marks of her pail:

The rain had kept *Phillis* at home,
To catch a sad cold was her fear;
Her mother forbid her to roam,
So she sat by the fire in her chair.
Sad *Corydon* put on his hat,
And hied him away to her house;
At the door he espied the lov'd cat,—
The cat had been seeking a mouse:

“ Pretty pussy,” says he, “ are you wet?
“ Alas! let me open the door;
“ Were I, like fond pussy, a pet,
“ My breast would feel sorrow no more!”
The cat he did cock up his tail,
He purr'd, and he rubb'd on his leg:
“ Dear pussy! ah, could I prevail,
“ One favour of thee would I beg—

“ Go pur, and go rub in my love,
“ By mewling express what I feel;
“ Oh! try that hard bosom to move,
“ I'll give thee a supper on eel.”
As *Phillis* now sat by the fire,
She heard the fond shepherd complain,
And kindly said, ‘ Swain, I desire
‘ That you will come out of the rain.’

He caught up the cat in his arms,
Her summons so proud to obey;
For *Phillis*, dear *Phillis*, had charms,
And so all the shepherds would say.
“Dear *Phillis*,” says he, “how dye do?”
As soon as she heard the swain speak,
‘Kind shepherd,’ says she, ‘how are you?’
And the blushes, they cover’d her cheek:

‘Ah! why would you stay out of door?
‘Ah! why in the rain would you wait?
‘See the poker, it lies on the floor,
‘Pray stir up the coals in the grate.’
“Ah! why should I poak up the fire?
“Or why should I stir up the coal?
“What is coal to my ardent desire?
“What is fire to the fire of my soul?

“So would flame yonder new-made hay-stack,
“If with candle the hay you should touch;
“So the kidney be scorch’d and turn black,
“Which the cook-maid has griddled too much:
“So the cook-maid, if spit will not turn,
“Will roast on one side all her meat:
“So with frost aching, chilblains will burn,
“Which little girls have on their feet.”

‘ Oh! talk not of chilblains,’ she cries,
‘ But aid me, kind shepherd, I pray;
‘ This turnip my patience defies,
‘ It will not be peeled to-day.
‘ Ah, shepherd! if love sway thy breast
‘ By this fond request I shall see;
‘ Oh! give my tir’d fingers some rest,
‘ And peel the tough turnip for me.’

He took out his knife in a trice—
The knife it was crooked and keen,
He gave to the turnip a slice,
A slice such as never was seen:
The turnip was peeled well nigh,
The mother was feeding the hogs,
When, ah! she return’d from the sty,
The swain knew the sound of her clogs!

All hurry’d he ran out of door,
And took not his hat in his hand;
The turnip roll’d down on the floor,
And *Phillis* was quite at a stand.
Home went *Corydon*, heartily soak’d,
Poor *Phillis* was lock’d up in spite;
So the fire, it no longer was poak’d,
Nor the turnip was peel’d for the night!

D. E.

*A PASTORAL BALLAD.**

TUNE,

"My Banks are all furnish'd with Bees."

MY beds are all furnish'd with fleas,
Whose bitings invite me to scratch;
Well stock'd are my orchards with jays,
And my pig-sties white over with thatch.
I seldom a pimple have met,
Such health does magnesia bestow;
My horse-pond is border'd with wet,
Where the flap-docks and sting-nettles grow.

I have found out a gift for my fair,
In my Cheshire some rotten I've found;
But let me the plunder forbear,
Nor give that dear bosom a wound:
Though oft from her lips I have heard,
That the rotten her palate would please;
Yet he ne'er could be true, she averr'd,
Who would rob the poor mite of his cheese.

And where does my *Dorothy* stray?
And where are her pattens and clogs?
As dirty as ours is the way;
Is the country as fruitful in bogs?
The land may be fruitful in bogs,
And dirty may be all the ways;
The shepherds in manners like hogs,
For mine are the manners to please.

D. E.

* MORAL of SHENSTONE'S SONG.

No man can be true in love who robs a bird's nest.

MORAL of THIS SONG.

No man can be true in love who eats rotten cheese.



A PASTORAL BALLAD

OF SIMPLICITY.

THE spring it is coming on fast,
The birds they are percht on the sprays,
The wintery frofts they are past,
The shepherds are tuning their lays.

The trees they are cover'd with leaves,
The ground it is cheerfully green,
But still the lost *Corydon* grieves,
For *Phillis* is not to be seen.

The daisey is raising its head,
The golden-cups cover the ground;
See my herds on the meadow are spread,
See my flocks they are feeding around.

But my herds they no longer delight,
Nor my flocks can give pleasure to me;
For say, is the daisey so white?
Or the golden-cup brighter than she?

My mind it is tortur'd with doubt,
My breast is tormented with fear;
Like a madman I run all about,
And I ramble I do not know where.

I sleep not a wink all the night,
And my days they do dolefully pass;
'Till I see her (oh! exquisite sight!)
Come tripping it over the grass.

Oh! say, can'st thou hear me complain,
Nor list to thy shepherd so true?
Oh! come, and give life to the swain
Who now is a dying for you.

No hurt, my sweet *Phyllis* shall ail,
By *Venus* the goddess I vow;
For whilst I am holding the pail,
Why—she shall be milking her cow.

D. E.



THE COTTAGE GIRL.

WRITTEN ON

*MIDSUMMER-EVE,*1786.

“Thrice hail with magic song this hallow'd hour!”

POLWHELE'S THEOCRITUS, Idyl. II.

SWEET to the fond poetic eye
The evening-cloud that wanders by;
Its transitory shadow pale
Brushing, so still, the purpled vale!
And sweet, beyond the misty stream,
The wild wood's scatter'd tuftings gleam,
(Where the horizon steals from sight)
Cool tinctur'd in the fainting light!

Yet, sweeter than the silent scene,
The manners of yon cottag'd green;
Where nature breathes the genuine heart,
Unvarnish'd by the gloss of art!

Now glimmer scarce the hill-tops near,
As village murmurs catch mine ear:
And now yon cot, beside the lea,
(Whence oft I hear the peasant's glee)
Fades to the glimpse of twilight grey,
And, in the gloom, slow sinks away!
There, as just lit, the light of rush
Twinkles through the white-thorn bush,
Reflected from the scanty pane,
The *rustic maid* invokes her swain;
And hails, to pensive damsels dear,
This eve, though direst of the year!

Oft on the shrub* she casts her eye,
That spoke her true-love's secret sigh;
Or else, alas! too plainly told,
Her true-love's faithless heart was cold.

The moss-rose that, at fall of dew,
(Ere eve its duskier curtain drew)
Was freshly gather'd from its stem,
She values as the ruby gem;
And, guarded from the piercing air,
With all an anxious lover's care,
She bids it, for her Shepherd's sake,
Await the new-year's frolic wake—

* Midsummer-mea.

When, faded, in its alter'd hue
She reads—the rustic is untrue!
But, if its leaves the crimson paint,
Her sickening hopes no longer faint.
The rose upon her bosom worn,
She meets him at the peep of morn:
And lo! her lips with kisses prest,
He plucks it from her panting breast.

Dearer than seas of glowing pearl,
The illusion soothes the cottage girl,
Whilst, upon this thrice-hallow'd eve,
Her wishes and her fears believe
All that the credulous have taught
To stir the quivering pulse of thought.

Now, to relieve her growing fear,
That feels the haunted moment near
When ghosts in chains the church-yard walk,
She tries to steal the time by talk.
But hark! the church-clock swings around
With a dead pause each sullen sound,
And tells, the midnight hour is come
That wraps the groves in spectred gloom!

To issue from beneath the thatch,
With trembling hand she lifts the latch,

And steps, as creaks the feeble door,
With cautious feet the threshold o'er;
Lest, stumbling on the horse-shoe dim,
Dire spells unsinew every limb.

Lo, shuddering at the solemn deed,
She scatters round the magic seed,
And thrice repeats, "The seed I sow,
"My true-love's scythe the crop shall mow."
Strait, as her frame fresh horrors freeze,
Her true-love with his scythe she sees.

And next, she seeks the yew-tree shade,
Where he who died for love is laid;
There binds, upon the verdant sod
By many a moon-light faery trod,
The cowslip and the lily wreath
She wove, her hawthorn-hedge beneath:
And, whispering, "Ah, may *Colin* prove
"As constant, as thou wast, to love!"
Kisses, with pale lip, full of dread,
The turf that hides his clay-cold head!
Then, homeward, as through rustling trees
She hears a shriek in every breeze;
In forms her flutter'd spirits give
Each twinkling leaf appears to live.
At length her love-sick projects tried,
She gains her cot the lea beside;

And on her pillow sinks to rest,
With dreams of constant *Colin* blest;
While, east-along, the ruddy streak
Colours the shadows at day-break!

Such are the phantoms love can raise;
As first his gradual ardour strays
O'er the young virgin's thrilling frame;
A sweet delirium in the flame!
Her bosom's gently rising swell,
And purple light, the tumult tell—
The melting blush upon her cheek,
The sigh, the glance, her passion speak!
And now, some favourite object near,
She feels the throbs of hope and fear;
And, all unknowing to conceal
The ingenuous soul by fashion's veil,
Tries every art to feed her fires,
That fond credulity inspires.

Nor love alone, in vernal youth,
Bids airy fancy mimic truth:
The villager, or maid, or wife,
Each dear deception owns through life:
Whether, as superstitions sway,
O'er upland dews she slopes her way,
Hailing, on Easter's holy morn,
The spotless lamb through æther borne,

Which her adoring eyes behold,
Mid orient skies bedropt with gold;
Or whether, if disease assail
In shape of shivering tertian pale,
For Tray, what time the fit began,
She breaks the salted cake of bran,
Transferring with the charmed bit
To fawning Tray her ague fit;
Or, as the recent grave she delves,
(Ere Dawn dissolves the circling elves)
Where the last youth was lock'd in sleep,
The sacred salt she buries deep—
Thus nine times (no companion nigh
To cheer the night-envelop'd sky)
Revisiting the charnel ground,
“ Her tongue chain'd up without a sound.”

’Tis thus fantastic visions rise,
To cheat the unweeting damsel’s eyes!
Nor bending age, nor pining want,
The faery prospect disenchant!
But, stor’d with many a trancing charm,
A thousand phantoms round her swarm;
’Till now, the villagers, o’eraw’d,
Her various feats in wonder laud;
And, arm’d with her associate switch—
She dwindles to a wither’d witch!

P.

HEROIC PIECES.

HEROIC PIECES.

*CLAUDIAN's RAPE of PROSERPINE.**

BOOK THE FIRST.

THE Ravisher's fell steeds and blasting car,
That dimm'd the twinkling orb of many a star;
And Stygian JUNO's chambers, where, o'erspread
With gloom mysterious, lies the bridal bed—
Scenes full of terror (hence, profane, away!)
My throbbing heart impels me to display!
Each earth-born feeling dies; the god inspires,
And more than mortal rage my bosom fires!
Lo, trembling from their base, the temples nod,
And floods of radiance speak the approaching God:

* The Translator thinks proper to observe, that he made this version of two books of the *Rape of Proserpine* at a very early age. On a revision of it, he finds the manner of CLAUDIAN not ill-express.

Earth roars; and CECROPS' fane returns the sound,
Whilst her bright torch ELEUSIS waves around.
See too, TRIPTOLEMUS, thy hissing snakes,
Worn by the yoke, relieve their scaly necks;
Erect with easy lapses glide along,
And bend their crests purpureal to the song!
Lo! yonder HECATE's three forms arise;
And he, whose robe a tiger's skin supplies,
(Its richly-gilded claws together bound)
Mild BACCHUS comes, with wanton ivy crown'd,
Tottering his footsteps! a Mæonian rod
Supports the drunken figure of the god.

Gods! whom *Avernus*' shadowy tribes obey,
Who grasp whatever fleets from earth away;
Ye, whom the livid lakes of *Styx* surround,
And *Phlegethon*'s sulphureous flood profound;
Give me to know the secrets of your pole,
And let your mysteries burst upon my soul!
Oh tell, how DIS was fir'd with love, and bade
The dower of *Chaos* bless the ravish'd maid.

The king of *Erebus*, long doom'd to live
Cheerless, with not one joy that love can give;
To him unknown a father's tender name,
His lonely bed unblest by *Hymen*'s flame;
Now pour'd from sullenness Resentment's fire,
And brav'd Heaven's Sovereign in a storm of ire.

See monsters from their flaming gulphs repair
 To HELL's dire standard, and announce the war:
 The furies menacing, their snake-crown'd queen
 Waves her accursed torch, and rears the embattled
 scene.

The elements had now resum'd the fight,
 In horror struggling for their ancient night;
 The Titan race, their chains relax'd, had seen
 Full soon the splendour of the blue serene;
 ÆGEON's self, his dungeon rent around,
 His hundred hands had lifted at the sound,
 And (the red thunders bursting from above)
 Had mov'd, besmear'd with blood, the throne of Jove:
 But for the world alarm'd, the *Parcæ* bade
 The tumult cease, and instant sought the shade
 Where PLUTO sat; embrac'd with suppliant air
 His feet, and at his throne diffus'd their hair.
 (Sisters! in all her forms who nature lead,
 And bid the series of the fates proceed;
 Evolve all ages in their iron loom,
 And sternly fix the universal doom!)
 When thus (her scatter'd tresses wildly flow'd)
 Thus LACHESIS address'd the grimly god:

“ Hail, arbiter of night, whose high controul
 “ The shades obey, for whom our spindles roll;
 “ Whose hands all Nature's embryo seeds supply,
 “ By whom all rise to live, or droop to die.

“ Since spirits range, by thee prepar’d for birth,
“ At circling periods, o’er the realms of earth;
“ And in corporeal forms, by thy decree,
“ Breathe a short space, and then return to thee;
“ O seek not to dissolve the laws we gave,
“ Those bonds we bade the according spindles weave:
“ Why rear yon impious standard, and display
“ To TITAN’s monster-brood, the light of day?
“ Break not fraternal leagues by civil strife;
“ Ask of high Jove, and Jove will grant a wife.”
She spake: and (rarely though the Suppliant’s cries
Move his stern features) lo, his anger dies.
Thus, midst the regions of the Northern star,
When, heavy *Boreas* rages for the war,
Prepar’d to rush o’er all the dreary waste,
(His ice-clad pinions sounding in the blast)
And, arm’d with the pale whirlwind, spread dismay
O’er foaming seas, and sweep vast woods away—
Lo, if the monarch of the winds arise,
Fast clos’d his gates of brass, the discord flies;
Sudden the vainly-vaunted echoes cease,
And broken murmurs languish into peace.
Then PLUTO summon’d the swift son of May
To wing, with words that burn, to heaven his way:
Obedient to the summons of the god
Stood the plum’d youth, and wav’d his drowsy rod.
In all the majesty of dreary state,
On his rude throne, the death-like monarch sate:

From his huge sceptre dropp'd a noisome dew,
And his pale form rose dreadful to the view.
A cloud, whose horrors deepen'd all the shade,
Involv'd in heavy gloom his towering head:
In rage new terrors o'er his visage ran,
And as the thunder rolls, he thus began:
(Strait at his voice a sacred silence spread
O'er all the wide dominions of the dead;
Mute in appal the three-mouth'd monster stood;
Fierce *Acheron* still'd the murmur of his flood;
No more *Cocytos'* fountain tears arose,
And *Phlegethon* lay hush'd in deep repose.)

“ Thou common power to all the gods, who dwell
“ Amidst Heaven's regions, and the abodes of hell;
“ Thou, who alone canst range o'er each domain,
“ And the high commerce of those worlds maintain;
“ Go, mount the winds and rapid storms above,
“ And bear these tidings to the pride of Jove.
“ Stern brother, though thy heavens confess the god,
“ Say, tyrant, shall I tremble at thy nod?
“ What though, by impious chance, the day was lost,
“ Cannot we still our arms and prowess boast?
“ Think'st thou we sleep, because no *Cyclops'* art
“ Frames for our sport the vainly-blazing dart?
“ Say, is it not enough, that here, by light
“ Uncheer'd,—that here, where broods eternal night,

“ We rule o’er regions in confusion hurl’d——
“ This poor third portion of the vasty world;
“ While round thy head the Signs in triumph roll,
“ And various splendours paint thy Northern Pole?
“ And shall I live, by *Hymen’s* joys unblest?
“ See NEPTUNE languish on his fair one’s breast.
“ Thee too, when wearied with thy bolts of fire,
“ Thee with fierce joy thy JUNO’s charms inspire:
“ And why repeat LATONA’s glowing shame,
“ Or CERES’ secret Loves, or THEMIS’ name?
“ Behold! full well a numerous offspring prove
“ Thy range unbounded through the wilds of love!
“ But I, in these lone vaults condemn’d to pine,
“ What blisses, to alleviate care, are mine?
“ Here by no loves, no tender pledges, blest,
“ No longer can I brook the inglorious rest.
“ I swear by *Chaos*, and the *Stygian* floods,
“ Whose dreadful sanction ever binds the gods;
“ If thou my orders scorn, in black array
“ Hell shall disclose her entrails to the day;
“ In all its horrors clad, shall darkness rise,
“ And blot the golden glories of the skies;
“ And, burst the chains which ancient SATURN made,
“ The Poles shall mingle with Tartarean shade.”

Scarce had he ceas’d, when swift the herald flew
To the bright districts of ethereal blue,

The Sire the mandate heard, and strait inclin'd,
To various councils, his revolving mind.
What nymph, endued with charms, might PLUTO love,
Or quit for Stygian gloom the realms above;
For JOVE himself 'twas arduous to decide:
At length he fixes on the fated bride.

In HENNA's vale, fair PROSERPINE, the child
Of CERES, as the rose of beauty smil'd :
Ungifted by *Lucina's* second aid,
She, happiest parent, rear'd the blooming maid;
And wish'd no other her regard might share,
While in one daughter center'd all her care.
Not more the heifer's fond endearments prove
The growing ardor of maternal love;
Ere yet her offspring's feeble feet can tread
The field, or crescent sprouts adorn its head.
Now flourish'd ripe for love the virgin's charms,
The conscious blushes, and the soft alarms;
The quick-glanc'd smile of half-represt desire,
And the short sigh, that spoke the rising fire.
Full many a suitor to the beauteous maid,
With trembling hopes their various worth display'd:
MARS boasts his shield, to ward the deathful blow,
And youthful PHOEBUS, glorying in his bow,
Offers in dower (while hopes the god of war
That *Rhodope's* high hills may gain the fair)

As dazzling lures, to win the virgin's smile,
Amyclæ, *Claros*, and the *Delian* isle.
Hence for the charming maid, *LATONA*'s claim;
Hence rival *JUNO*'s:—yet each lover's flame
Was vain—whilst *CERES* her lov'd charge consign'd
To *Sicily*'s sequester'd bowers, (too blind
To fate) whilst, fearful of her child's disgrace,
She trusts the faithless genius of the place.

Of old, *Trinacria* join'd the *Italian* shores,
Where now, with whirling wave, *Charybdis* roars;
But *NEREUS* “push'd the pillar'd earth aside,”
And gave each rending mountain to the tide.
Torn from her kindred clime, a broken scene,
While struggling dash'd the impetuous surge between,
Trinacria lay; yet, stedfast from the storm,
Rais'd o'er the billows her three-forked form.
There, with his jetting rocks, *Pachynum* braves,
Unmov'd, the fury of the *Ionian* waves.
Gætulian *THETIS*, here, with hideous bray,
O'er *Lilybæum* darts the foaming spray;
While boundless the *Tyrrhenian* billows rise,
And shake *Pelorum*, as outstretch'd it lies.
Full in the midst, with heaven-assailing height,
The rocks of *Ætna* break upon the sight:
Rocks, that shall never cease, inwraught with flame,
Her giant wars, and triumphs to proclaim.—

Bust of ENCELADUS, who pours afloat
Sulphureous torrents from his burning throat!
Full oft the monster, as he lies opprest,
Essays to move the mountain from his breast;
And, while with rebel neck the weight he heaves,
The island trembles to her deepest caves;
Her tower-crown'd cities totter to their fall,
And ruin stares aghast, ingulphing all.
Ætna's huge top, survey'd by distant ken,
Blackens, impervious to the steps of men;
No culture there—in other parts arise
Thick trees, that wave their foliage to the skies.
And now, the green luxuriance fades away;
And clouds of sulphur dim the sickly day:
Lo, bolts terrific blast each trembling star,
And with her entrails *Ætna* feeds the war.
But, though the fury of the mountain glows,
It lies still cover'd with eternal snows:
There molten rocks, and floods of lava, tost
Within the chilling influence of the frost,
Congeal: there lightnings flash with powerless blaze,
And o'er deep hills of ice the lambent vapour plays.
O say, what engines whirl the rocks around,
And rend the caverns with rebellow'd sound;
Say, from what fount the stream of *VULCAN* flows,
As down the redd'ning steep its deluge glows?
Perhaps the air, condens'd in *Ætna's* caves,
Amid their rifted sides, in fury raves;

And forcing through the yawning chasm its way,
Bursts on the blasted regions of the day:
Or, in the bowels of the mountain pent,
The boiling sea-wave rages for a vent;
Sulphureous brews an elemental war,
And many a flaming fragment hurls in air.
CERES, while here embower'd her offspring lay,
Bends from this isle to *Phrygian* realms her way:
Lo! to the tower-crown'd mother of the gods,
Her dragons whirl her through the breaking clouds;
And, as they raise their crimson crests, the reins
Flowing in air, a dewy poison stains:
Green vivid spots their burnish'd backs unfold,
And glow their various scales with flames of gold.
Here swift they move, where loftier zephyrs blow,
There skim with curling flight the plains below.
As glides her chariot o'er the furrow'd land,
Lo, sudden Plenty wakes at her command;
From every track the golden blades arise,
And harvests wave around her, as she flies.
Now dimly seen, decreasing *Ætna* grew,
And all *Trinacria* vanish'd from the view.
Alas! what omens fill'd her troubled mind!
How oft she cast a lingering look behind!
Whilst, as they glisten'd on her cheek, her tears
A mother's fondness shew'd, a mother's fears!
"Hail, favour'd earth! in faltering strain she cries;
"Hail, favour'd earth! superior to the skies;

“ My womb’s dear offspring to thy charge I give,
“ That favourite offspring, by whose life I live!
“ And soon shall high rewards await thy care,
“ No rake shall vex thy fields, or sharpen’d share;
“ Thy laughing herds shall graze unyok’d from toil,
“ And fruits spontaneous flourish o’er thy soil;
“ While all who till thy plains, in wonder lost,
“ The unusual products of the year shall boast.”
She ceas’d, and strait to *Ida*’s ancient fane
Her dragons bore her through the ærial plain.
Here a tall pine, whose reverential gloom
Rests on the rock-stone of the sacred dome;
While not a breeze disturbs the grove around,
Flings through the singing boughs a shrilly sound.
Within, the furious dance—the mingled cries
Of madness, echo dreadful to the skies:
Dire howls the mountain’s deepest haunts assail,
And *Gargara*’s words bend trembling o’er the vale.
As the fierce dragons to the fane advance,
The pipes and timbrels cease, and all the dance.
No more the raving priests their cymbals beat,
And the pleas’d lions fawn at *CERES*’ feet.
From the mysterious shade *CYBELLE* sped,
And bent, to hail her guest, the turrets of her head.
Now *JOVE*, who every motion had survey’d,
Disclos’d his councils to the *Cyprian* maid:
“ Hear, while I ope my secret cares to thee,
“ (So *THEMIS* sings, and so the Fates decree)

“ And know that PROSERPINE, with all her charms,
“ Blooms yet reserv’d for grimly PLUTO’s arms.
“ Now, (for the crisis calls—since midst the bowers
“ Of distant *Phrygia*, CERES wastes the hours)
“ To *Ætna*’s flowery plains direct thy flight,
“ And there, when glow the skies with morning light,
“ The thoughtless girl let sweet illusions fire,
“ And stir in wanton sports the young desire.
“ There, while she wanders o’er her meads of gold,
“ In gentle chains the unweeting virgin hold—
“ Thou, by whose touch I burn in amorous play,
“ And all that live, in love dissolve away !
“ Shall not thy power the dreary kingdoms prove ?
“ Not hell’s dread legions shall be cold to love.
“ On sad *Erinnys* all thy ardours breathe,
“ Fire every bosom in the realms beneath ;
“ Through *Acheron*’s deepest darkness speed thy dart,
“ And ev’n subdue with beauty, PLUTO’s heart.”

She flies—and with her flew the blue-ey’d maid ;
And she, whose arrows fright the howling shade :
And as they travell’d from the æthereal height,
Shone o’er their rapid path a stream of light.
Thus as the comet, charg’d with horror, flies,
In sanguine flame it sweeps the kindling skies ;
The seaman views its trail in wild amaze,
And the pale nations tremble at the blaze :



With dire portent it shakes its threat'ning hair,
To fleets announcing storms, to cities war.
Now had they come where CERES' palace blaz'd
By the strong prowess of the *Cyclops* rais'd:
There, iron walls the admiring eye survey'd,
There, iron posts and locks of chalybs made.
Ne'er with such glowing toil, a mass so great,
The forming anvil of *Pyracmon* beat;
Nor *Steropes* such mighty labour knew,
His light'ning furnace as the bellows blew;
Nor ever, when he snatch'd it from the flame,
Hiss'd the red metal in so vast a stream.
On brazen beams the roofs supported rise,
While amber pillars of transparent dyes
Tinge, as they prop the ivory-ceiled halls,
With rich reflected light their lofty walls.
There PROSERPINE, with sweetest songs, the dome
Delighting, ply'd the labours of her loom;
But ah, in vain the various woof she wove,
Design'd a tribute of her filial love!
Here, in rich tapestry, the beauteous maid
The series of the Elements display'd.
Lo! through old *Chaos* parent nature streams
Her light, and foster'd in her genial beams
To its own place each seedling atom flies;
And sudden, as the lighter forms arise,
The heavier bodies to the centre fall,
While powers unknown suspend the illumin'd ball.

Mild æther shines, the polar regions glow,
And with free wave the rising waters flow.
The stars she lights in gold, in purple pours
The sea, and lifts in various gems the shores.
Now the well-imitated billows curl
Around, and in their dashing eddies hurl
(While murmurs seem to creep o'er all the sand)
The sea-weeds high against the rocky strand.
Five zones she adds, and marks with nice design
In red, the fervour of the flaming line;
And o'er its squalid limits as she runs,
She paints them glowing in continual suns.
Then, the full-populated zones she rears,
Where verdure, fann'd by zephyr's breath, appears;
And next, the climes, where winter's dreary host
Break their vast thunders o'er the boundless frost,
Arrest the foaming billow as it rolls,
And with eternal mountains block the poles!
Last as she figur'd *Dis*, the infernal god,
The gloomy *Manes*, and their dread abode;
Sudden, as prescient of her fate, appears
Her cheek bedew'd with inauspicious tears!
Now, at the limits of the web, she gave
The glassy folds to ocean's winding wave—
But lo! three female forms—abrupt she leaves
Her labours, and the heavenly guests receives;
While the soft girl disorder'd, blushes warm,
Tinge her fair cheeks, and light up every charm:



Blushes—no ivory's *Tyrian* hues outvie,
Though *Lydian* maids infuse the glowing dye.
Beneath the still wave sunk the day. To calm
Each sense, while Sleep diffus'd the oblivious balm;
In her cerulean car pale Night arose
Dew-sprent, and o'er all nature breath'd repose.
And now the infernal monarch, warn'd by Jove,
Prepar'd, in rapture, for the realms above.
ALECTO strait, the vengeful fury, speeds
To harness to the car his grimly steeds,
That graze *Cocytus'* pasture-banks, and roam
Where EREBUS extends his waste of gloom;
That drink, where *Lethe's* drowsy waters gleam,
And froth the sick oblivion of the stream.—
Orphnæus flaming to the affrighted eye,
And *Æthon*, fleet as arrowy lightnings fly;
High *Nyctæus*, that the stygian herd outshone,
And wing'd *Alastor*, mark'd for PLUTO's own;
These join the dark car, panting for their prey,
Gnash wild applause, and snuff the dawn of day.

END OF THE FIRST BOOK.



CLAUDIAN's RAPE of PROSERPINE.

BOOK THE SECOND.

NOT yet the morn, in broad effulgence bright,
The *Ionian* waters dash'd with dazzling light:
The calm wave trembles with a rosy ray,
And through blue skies the transient ardors play.
Now, mindless of a tender mother's care,
(So will'd the *Destinies*) the incautious fair
Seeks the fresh beauties of the roscid lawn,
Alas! by *Dionæan* treachery drawn!
Thrice on their ominous hinges grate the doors
Harsh thunder; and presaging *ÆTNA* roars,
Conscious of fate, as, thrice, in rueful wail,
Its echoes burst terrific on the gale.
And while, companions of her flowery way,
Rov'd her fair guests, to meet the rising day;
Deaf to all signs the prescient powers bestow,
Too vent'rous maid, she wanders into woe.
Replete with wiles the conscious *VENUS* glows,
And plans ideal conquests as she goes;

Sees DIS and CHAOS her proud triumphs prove,
And all the world of Manes melt with love.

Within *Idalian* clasps her starry hair
Steals in soft ringlets on the charmed air,
While, VULCAN's gift, a glittering gem upholds
Her beauteous robe, that floats in purple folds.
Next comes the regent of LYCÆUM's bowers,
And she, whose spear protects the *Athenian* towers;
The huntress, who with terror strikes the wood,
And she, who dyes the plain with warlike blood.

'Grav'd on her golden helm TRITONIA wears
TYPHON's dire form half motionless, who rears,
While ever through the gloom of death he swims,
The living portion of his monster-limbs.
Thick as a grove of arrows seems to rise,
Rang'd in a dreadful circuit to the skies;
Her bright pall trembles o'er the Gorgon's head,
And veils the hissing horrors with its shade.

Not TRIVIA thus: her brother's ev'ry grace
Lighten'd in milder glories from her face;
With PHOEBUS' cheeks and sparkling eyes she shone,
Distinguish'd by her softer sex alone.
Her tresses down her silver shoulders flow,
And lightly wanton, as the breezes blow;

With double cincture brac'd (while sleeps unstrung
Her bow, and quiver'd arrows idly hung)
Curls her *Gortynian* garment to the knee,
Where her own *DELOS*, and the *Pontic* sea,
Wander in many a variegated fold
Through fleeting shades and lights, enrich'd with gold.

Last, *CERES*' child, her mother's pride and joy,
(Yet doom'd the parent's triumph to destroy)
Swims with an easy gesture o'er the green;
And (with no less attraction in her mien)
MINERVA's self, or *PHOEBE*, might appear,
If arm'd with *PALLAS*' shield, or *PHOEBE*'s spear.
Gather'd within a polish'd jasper, float
Her robe's rich figures, beautifully wrought;
And never, at her woof, industrious maid
A happier sample of her art display'd;
Or with soft-shading threads more justly drew
Each glowing figure's imitative hue.
Here, from the seeds of *Hyperion* born,
Springs infant *SOL*, to wake the kindling morn.
Here *LUNA* too, fair leader of the night,
With form imperfect, and a paler light.
And lo, while fostering *TETHYS* lulls to rest
The panting infants on her genial breast,
Round her young charge the new-sprung lustre plays,
And her blue bosom feels the roseate rays.



Behold her better arm weak TITAN bear,
Uncrested with full beams, her elder care;
Who, as his milder light illumines the skies,
Shrinks from the rising fires with timid cries:
And there, as LUNA sucks cerulean streams,
Her little crescent shines with feeble beams.

Such dress o'er PROSERPINE luxuriant flows,
While circled by the Naïds' choir she goes;
And by the Nymphs, who celebrate in song
CRIMNISUS, as they rove his founts among;
Or GELAS, that its name a city gave,
Or whirling the rough rock, *Pantagia's* wave:
Nymphs, whom slow *Camarina* oft had seen
With joy disporting on its margent green;
Or *Arethusa's*, or *Alpheus'* banks,
While *Cyane* o'ertops the radiant ranks.
Thus joy the embattled Amazons, that raise
Wild shoutings, where their half-moon'd targets blaze,
Oft as their Sovereign leads victorious forth
Her fair battalions from the wasted North;
Whether their axe the frozen *Tanais* broke,
Or the strong *Getae* bow'd beneath their yoke.
Thus, too, the Nymphs his rites to BACCHUS pay,
As o'er their *Hæmus'* golden sands they stray:
The river triumphs, in his sparkling cave,
And bends his urn, profusive of the wave.

From her fair hill, o'erspread with living green,
 Her heavenly visitants had HENNA seen—
 Parent of flowers—when thus her accents flow,
 Address to ZEPHYR in the vale below:

“ O thou, the grateful father of the spring,
 “ By whom these vallies bloom, whose wanton wing
 “ Fans each soft season with a dewy gale;
 “ See where yon' forms with portly grandeur sail—
 “ Majestic Nymphs, descended from above—
 “ See o'er my plains disport the race of Jove.
 “ Fly; let each shrub in genial breezes glow,
 “ And brightening flowers breathe incense as they blow.
 “ Rob'd in inferior blooms, inferior shade,
 “ Pale at my glories, ev'n let *Hybla* fade.
 “ Whate'er *Panchaia*'s happy groves dispense,
 “ To thrill with fragrance the delighted sense;
 “ Whatever perfumes are diffus'd around,
 “ Where through deep woods *Hydaspes*' streams
 “ resound;
 “ Whatever sweets, to build the spicy nest,
 “ Brought from the farthest regions of the East,
 “ (While for new life in flames the Phoenix dies)
 “ Shed their selectest influence to the skies—
 “ All to this spot on ready pinions bear,
 “ Scatter those odours through circumfluous air;
 “ To form the wreath, that ev'n coelestial powers
 “ May wander here, and pluck the balmiest flowers.”

She ceas'd—and ZEPHYR o'er the blooms of
spring

Shook the rich nectar from his streaming wing:
Where'er he flutter'd, 'midst the glistening dew,
On all the ground a vernal brightness flew;
Swell'd with rich verdure the luxuriant soil,
And with a wider arch the heavens serenely smile.
The rose's blush, the berry's ebon hue,
And violet painted with a deeper blue,
Rise sweetly blent! though gems emit the blaze,
Can *Parthian* girdles glance more varied rays?
Can fleeces with *Assyrian* colours gay,
The richness of superior tints display?
Not thus her pictur'd plumes the peacock spreads;
Not thus the rainbow's braided lustre sheds
'The mingling dyes, where clouds of winter lour,
And its green drops hang glittering in the shower.
Yet could the lawn with lovelier charms delight,
Whose swelling hillocks stole upon the sight.
There fountains from the living pumice flow,
And softly murmur through the grass below.
There a dark wood, that cools the noontide ray,
Guards its own winter from the darts of day:
The cornel form'd for battle—for the sea
The stately fir—the oak, Jove's favourite tree—
'The verdurous ilex, whose rich honeycombs
Drop nectar, and the cypress of the tombs,
There with the prescient laurel blend their glooms.

There thick box fluctuates—wanton ivy twines—
And round the tall elm flaunt the clasping vines.
Near, through dim shades with trembling surface
gleams

A lake (which PERGUS the *Sicilian* names)
Each eye, that wanders o'er the wide serene,
Views all the secrets of the watery scene;
And to its deep recess, illum'd by light,
Through the clear mirror darts the unstraining sight.
Here, through the beauties of the garden, rove
The Female Chorus—here the Queen of Love.

“ These sweets,” she cries, “ come, sisters, come
“ away,
“ Gather, amidst the kindling smiles of day;
“ While morning suns their gentler heat diffuse,
“ And these purpureal plains my LUCIFER bedews.”

Ceasing, she culls the signs of woe—and stoop,
To spoil the various lawn, the sister-groupe.
Thus, when their kings the waxen camp remove
Amid the bloom of *Hybla's* thymy grove,
From hollow beeches buzzing armies pour,
And rifle the green herb—the tinted flower.
Each nymph with various taste the wreath designs,
Lo! this the lily with the violet joins:
See, fancy-led, they pluck the flower-blooms bright,
This starr'd with roses, that with privets white;

And this the amaracus' soft leaves adorn :
Thee too, pale Hyacinth, whose flower hath borne
Long thy mark'd woe—and thee, Narcissus fair,
The æthereal visitants are proud to wear—
Once peerless youths—(but youthful beauty dies)
Now flowers, the fairest of the spring, ye rise.
Youth of *Amyclæ* ! 'midst thy frolic play,
Thee, envious ZEPHYR, hurried from the day !
And thou, *Pierian* boy, wert doom'd to fade
O'er thy lov'd stream, in pining anguish laid—
As PHOEBUS' bosom for his favourite bleeds,
Thee, thee CEPHISSUS mourns with broken reeds !

But she, whose parent gives the golden grain,
Culls, thoughtless maid, the treasures of the plain
With keener joy. Her osier-basket smiles,
Fill'd with the simple store of rural spoils.
Now flowers she twines—and crowns with wreaths
her head ;

Ah, luckless omen of the nuptial bed !
Ignorance her bliss ! and lo ! the Maid of War,
Whose trump's deep blast and armour sounds afar ;
Whose hands the city-gates and walls o'erthrow,
And dash destruction on the flying foe—
Now, as by light pursuits amus'd she strays,
Softens with twisted flowers her helmet's blaze.
Fresh-braided with unwonted verdure gleams
The crest, where horror flash'd effulgent beams ;

And she, whose deep-flew'd hounds with music fill,
Led by strong scent, *Parthenian* vale or hill—
Lingers at ease, while now inwreath'd her hair
Flows less licentious to the breezing air.

Thus, while they rov'd in careless sport, a sound
Sudden creeps muttering on, and trembling rocks
the ground:

On darken'd towns the o'erwhelming ruin lours,
And in a thousand fragments rush the towers.
VENUS alone, appriz'd of JOVE's decrees,
With mingled joy and fear the conflict sees.

The shadowy king, now panting for the day,
Press'd on thro' gloomy chasms, where groaning lay
ENCELADUS; and urg'd each furious horse
O'er the huge members of the living corse.
The gasping giant, as the weight he feels,
Wriths his weak serpents round the flaming wheels,
Labours to move him from his dark abode—
How vain! and shakes *Sicania* with the god.
Fervent the rapid axles spurn controul,
And cleave his back sulphureous as they roll.
Ev'n as the soldier works with bold essay,
To oppress the unweeting foe, his secret way,
Deep penetrates beneath the cavern'd plain
And walls that rear their parapets in vain—

'Till sudden the resistless fury pours,
Breaks o'er the fort, and wins the unguarded towers:
Thus PLUTO, journeying to the realms of light,
Trac'd many a maze, and pierc'd the pitchy night.
Behold the frowning rocks around oppose,
And in a dread embrace the god inclose.
But DIS indignant hurls his sceptre wide,
And at the stroke the obedient rocks divide.
Strait the *Sicilian* caverns groan'd around,
And *Lipare* trembled at the thundering sound:
VULCAN (his furnace left) astonish'd lay;
The CYCLOPS threw appall'd his bolts away.
And he, O *Tyber*, heard the unwonted roar,
Who swam thy streams that yet no trophies bore;
And he, who bent his way through *Alpine* snow,
Or row'd his bark of alder down the *Po*.

Thus, when o'er *Thessaly Peneus'* flood,
Inclos'd by rocks, a stagnant water stood,
And yet uncultur'd lay the delug'd plain,
NEPTUNE his trident at the mountain-chain
In fury flung—and, shiver'd by the stroke,
Asunder from *Olympus*, *Ossa* broke:
The loosen'd waves retire, while brighter blooms
Each spot of renovated earth resumes.

Soon as *Trinacria's* rocks the god obey'd,
And wide their entrails to the heaven display'd;

Sunk the dim stars, and marks of wild surprize
Appear'd o'er all the concave of the skies.
Ev'n ARCTOS hasten'd to the foaming spray,
And slow BÖOTES sped his hurried way.
ORION shook—and ATLAS' spirit fell
Pale at the neighing of the steeds of hell—
Steeds, whose thick breath obscur'd the venom'd air,
That, bred in glooms, shrunk backward from the glare
Of day, and strove their dashing car to roll
Through Chaos, dazzled by a brighter pole.
But when they felt the lash, and learnt to bear
The fervour of the sun-illumin'd air,
Wild as the winter's torrent stream they flew;
Swift as the fleetest dart that *Parthian* threw,
Impetuous as the rushing of the wind,
Quick as keen thought that glances o'er the mind.
Their reins drop blood, and tinge the sands beneath,
And through mid air a dread contagion breathe.

The nymphs affrighted fly—while *Ætna's* Fair,
Snatch'd in that fatal moment to the car,
Pours to the gods her supplicating tears;
And PALLAS strait her *Gorgon* terrors rears,
And chaste DIANA hastens undismay'd,
Both fir'd with virgin feelings, to her aid;
Both rushing to prevent so dire a rape,
And bar the infernal ravisher's escape!

He, as the lion wild with rage, appear'd,
That bears a trembling heifer from the herd,
Her fair breast mangles with infuriate claws,
And each hot reeking limb asunder draws—
Clotted with blood he shakes his grisly mane,
And scorns the feeble efforts of the swain.

“Thou monster-brother (PALLAS to the god
“Exclaims indignant) from thy drear abode—
“Thy world, where ever drowsy darkness lies,
“What furies lash'd thee to these purer skies?
“Who bade thee from *Tartarian* regions roll,
“And with thy gloomy chariot taint the pole?
“Thine be the nymphs of hell—the *Diræ* wed—
“Or take the Fury Sisters to thy bed!
“Hence, and enjoy the darkness of thy night;
“Fly, fly the regions of æthereal light—
“The dead, the living in confusion hurl'd—
“Break not the harmony that binds the world.”

She spoke, and hurried as they paw'd the plain,
On the grim coursers dash'd her shield amain;
And, while her gorgon Hydras hiss'd, display'd
Her crest, and whelm'd them in a dreadful shade.
And strait LATONIA's arrow, pois'd in air,
Illumining the blackness of the car,
For vengeance burns; when JOVE his thunder flings,
And speeds the reddening bolt's pacific wings:

“Thou lov’st—or, with their drawn swords mad-
“dening by,
“Whether the fierce CURETES catch thine eye;
“Haste, haste—ev’n now the day’s last gleams are
“fled—
“He hurries to the regions of the dead!”

Charm’d by the beauteous tears of virgin woe,
PLUTO’s grim heart with love began to glow;
He wip’d the drops that trickled from her eye,
And thus address’d her with a soothing sigh:

“Cease, gentle maid, to cherish airy fears,
“Nor waste the softness of thy soul in tears;
“What are *Sicilia*’s courts compar’d with mine!
“To wield a nobler sceptre shall be thine!
“No cruel bridegroom shall thy beauties prove,
“No spouse unworthy of the rites of love!
“Lo! I am SATURN’s son—my boundless sway
“Ev’n the vast void and all the worlds obey.
“Fear not the loss of light: For stars shall rise,
“Brighter than ever deck supernal skies!
“Where heavens more blue their glowing arch display,
“*Elysian* suns shall beam with purer ray!
“There chaste adorers at the shrine appear,
“There bloom the glories of the eternal year!
“The Golden Age (full soon from earth it flew)
“Still loves to flourish there, for ever new!

“ There through soft meads immortal zephyrs play,
“ Sigh o’er each flower, and bear its sweets away.
“ Not with such tints whose freshness never dies,
“ Could thy own ENNA please thy partial eyes.
“ There a tall tree, the monarch of the glade,
“ From its rich branches darts a light and shade;
“ And ever shall the bending boughs unfold
“ For thee their fruit of vegetable gold.
“ Go, trifling themes! whatever lives in air,
“ Or stagnant lakes and rolling rivers bear;
“ Whatever moves on earth, or skims the sea,
“ Shall own thy power, and yield at last to thee!
“ E’en kings shall lay their purple vestments down,
“ Kneel at thy feet, and tremble at thy frown!”
“ The rich—the poor—the monarch and the slave,
“ Know no superior honours in the grave.”
“ Fled from thy judgments, self-accus’d and pale,
“ In the dark region shall the guilty wail;
“ And at the sweetness of thy plauding voice,
“ In realms of living joy the just rejoice!
“ To *Lethe*’s lakes shall gliding ghosts repair,
“ And at thy summons quaff oblivion there;
“ Thy nod the willing destinies await;
“ And all the wishes thou can’st form, be fate!”

This said—enamour’d of the sighing maid,
He press’d his steeds, and plung’d into the shade.

Sudden light images around them rove,
As leaves come fluttering from the blasted grove;
Thick as the billows break, or sands arise;
Thick as the showers that fall from wint'ry skies.
Swift, to survey the beauties of the bride,
In crowds the Shadows of all ages glide.
Attendants, chosen from the crowd, prepare
To roll beneath its shed the lofty car;
And bid the steeds, now loosen'd from the reins,
Graze the dark pasture of *Cocytus*' plains.
Some at the canopy their care divide,
Or hang with verd'rous boughs the portals wide;
Or lift the richest tap'stries of the loom
To grace with graphic forms the bridal room.
And, as such triumphs crown the Lover's toils,
Softens *his* grimly face, relax'd in smiles.
Huge PHLEGETHON from waves of torrent flame
Arose, while down his features flash'd the stream.

A train came next, to soothe the mourning queen
' Meek were their looks, and modest was their mien
From the fair gardens of *Elysian* day,
They charm with cheerful talk her woes away;
And bind her scatter'd tresses; and conceal
Her mantling blushes in a golden veil.

Bursting in wild and animated notes,
Through the dead gloom unusual music floats:

Lo, the pale regions triumph at the sound,
And all the buried nations dance around !
The Manes, grac'd with wreaths, protract the feast,
And fill'd with genial cheer; the Shadows rest.
Hell stills her groans, and rarifies her breath
That charg'd the eternal night with blasts of death :
MINOS suspends the terrors of his urn :
Echoes no scourge, no dying sorrows mourn !
The gloom no tortur'd ghosts with horror fill,
And writh'd Ixion rests upon his wheel !
See TANTALUS, the stream with rapture caught,
Allays the thirsty fever of his throat;
And TITYUS lifts his monster-limbs away
From the nine acres, where outstretch'd he lay;
While the fierce vulture feels her power repress
To scoop the living banquet of his breast;
And, where no renovated fibres rise,
To catch the bloody morsel, vainly tries.

Convivial revels e'en the Furies hold;
(Their listening snakes relax each placid fold)
No more their flashing eyes in madness roll,
But sparkle with the spirit of the bowl !
From those fell lips, that pour'd the threats of woe,
The melodies of melting music flow !
And, while no sanguine torch betrays the gloom,
Lights of pure flame the canopies illumine !
No baleful vapours from *Avernus* rise,
Where the fleet bird on easy pinion flies :

The floods, that fence his sable jaws around,
No more, to fright the ear of horror, sound.
Where roar'd rough ACHERON, see a milky wave
Sudden his banks in gentle murmurs lave;
And flaunting o'er his purpling lake of wine,
See verdant ivy round COCYTUS twine!
Each faltering thread of life the Fates renew;
No sacred chorus mourns the broken clue!
With sighs no parents, o'er the breathing urn,
Pay the last honours to the shade they mourn:
No black procession breaks the city's ease;
No battles rage; no tempests sweep the seas.
With reeds old CHARON veil'd his tresses froze,
Singing in concert with each dashing oar.
Now HESPER, mildly rising through the shade,
Illum'd the chambers of the fluttering maid:
There Night with starry bosom stood confest,
Sanction'd the genial bed, the auspicious omens blest.
And while the good with generous triumph glow'd,
Thus through the hall, the plausive numbers flow'd.
"Hail, JUNO!—and thou, Brother, hail, and Son
"Of him, who thunders from the æthereal throne!
"Sleep, happy Lovers! may a vigorous race
"Rise from the transports of the warm embrace!
"Lo, CERES smiles upon these charm'd abodes,
"As joyful Nature waits for future gods.
"Sleep, happy pair!—in fond embraces curl'd,
"Create new deities, to bless the world."

P.

WRITTEN ON VIEWING

THE IMPROVEMENTS AT PYNES-HOUSE,

THE SEAT OF

Sir STAFFORD HENRY NORTHCOTE, Bart.

NEAR EXETER.

1789.

To vindicate, like men, their every right,
Our brave forefathers, conscious of their might,
Though singly oft by foreign armies chas'd,
Strong forts and barricades before them plac'd;
And thence successive tyrants still withstood,
While for their children's freedom stream'd their blood.

To alarms like these no longer now inur'd,
The glorious end accomplish'd and secur'd;
The rising moat ingulfs the waning mound,
And both become, by culture, fertile ground:
The radiant mountain-nymph resumes again
Her pristine sway and still propitious reigns.

Here, whence we glanc'd our retrospective range,
Now Fancy rests to trace a kindred change.
The ponderous terrace, broad, and high, and rude,
The trees, in formal marshall'd rows that stood,
The trim parterre, square pond, and alley green,
In gloomy state no more around are seen;
But, like a new creation, in their stead,
A verdant lawn before the house is spread,
Whose daisied foot meandering *Isca* laves :
(She lingers here to smooth her gliding waves,
As birds of passage in their course alight
To plume their wings, then reassume their flight)
The landscape, all bedeck'd with flow'rets gay,
Is now illumin'd by the star of day ;
The line of beauty waves along the land ;
The oaks now free and independent stand ;
And genial nature, long, though overpower'd,
Is like sweet liberty at length restor'd.
But let not here the *friend* of former times
Scan with fastidious eye our artless rhymes,
Nor think, as ancient shades no longer please,
That hospitality is fled with these—
No: round the seat, though modern taste designs,
The ancient spirit still remains at *PYNES* :
If *he* true hospitality would share,
He'll find that virtue still an inmate there.

EPISTLES.

EPISTLES.

EPISTLE TO A YOUNG LADY,

WRITTEN IN

1779.

DEAR BETSY, in vain expectation you shan't stay,
Though I never could write with the ease of an ANSTY!
If nothing but tinsel should gleam through the lay,
'Tis a Lady commands, and, behold! I obey.
And who but a Hottentot e'er could refuse
A charmer—whose smiles may propitiate the muse?
Perhaps (by the bye, for the very first time)
It may be my fortune to figure in rhyme!
For, lo! with more ease than I ever could whistle,
I find I can pen a poetic epistle.
And this, by the way, will, undoubtedly, prove,
That poetry flows from the *Graces* and *Love*.

And now, my dear cousin, at length to begin,—
Pray how are you pleas'd with the Beaux of *Penryn*?

— Their attentions, I fear, will allure you to stay ;
And *Truro* is stupid while you are away.
In the morn, when I happen to wander the street,
How unwelcome the face of each person I meet;
For (I cannot tell whether 'tis fancy or no)
Each person appears with a face full of woe:
And so, on a sudden, to JAMES's I run,
(To the *grocer's* I mean) for the sake of a pun !
For never on JEMMY the *grocer* could woe stick,
Put to flight in a trice by a pun or acrostick.
Moreover, to JAMES's I often repair
For some raspberry brandy, the soother of care:—
Sure, what with my charmer so often I've done,
I can do in her absence with pleasure alone.
Who thought himself ever so happy a fellow,
As I, when you bid me spread out your umbrella,
Those beauties to guard from the winds and the rain,
That must touch, I don't doubt it, a lover with pain ?
And ah ! let this sigh be receiv'd as a voucher,
That I feel a delight at the sound of your sloucher:
But yet, after all, you can throw on me slurs,
And abuse me for wearing unmannerly spurs;
Since my spur in your habit I awkwardly stuck,
As we walk'd to the shop of Sir GINGERBREAD TUCK.
Then, if I remember, we hasten'd our pace,
To the Jew's for a cane, and Miss STEART's for some
lace.

How oft have I drawn from my fair one applause,
 As with taste I selected her laces and gauze;
 And own'd, though the stoical Pedant might stare,
 That happiness flows from the smiles of the fair.
 Far better than dull mathematical stuff,
 Are the figures you Ladies describe in a muff!
 As lumber, unheeded, the Classics may lie,
 While your netting I mark with a critical eye;
 And, oft as your rose-colour'd fingers I view,
 Count how many stitches a minute you do.
 How honour'd I feel, my dear Coz, to escort y',
 When a tune is propos'd, to your Piano-Forte:
 Then flow the full numbers, so soft and so clear,
 Such harmonies ravish the musical ear;
 That in fancy I've seen the celestials approve,
 And KIRKMAN's own grandmother bend from
 above.*

* Alluding to the following Epigram, the occasion of which must not be here mentioned :—

When sweet CECILIA sought the skies,
 In tears were all the tuneful wits:
 The fiddles pour'd chromatic sighs,
 And music had hysteric fits!
 But, ere she parted, thus she said—
 "A short farewell I mean to bid y'."
 To keep her word, the harmonious maid
 Appears, in form of—BETSY GIDDY!

Now, depriv'd of those charms, my head drowsily
nods;

And sad and splenetic I'm all in the suds :
The minutes move on without spirit or grace,
No music—no riding, to fill the void space.
I remember, nor can it, *Cox*, slip from me soon,
How briskly we canter'd to *Killiganoon* !
How there, very funny, we sat at our ease ;
With great perseverance ate apples and cheese ;
And uncommonly pleas'd with the juice of the grape,
Preserv'd, by good luck, our own natural shape ;
Though, besure, it was whisper'd by tale-bearing spleen,
That we, almost, outnodded the sage *Mandarine*.
But now, in the morn, or at close of the day,
How formal and dull are the visits we pay.
What though, at each eve, in your absence I own,
We assemble in parties to play at Pope Joan ;
Yet, as fill'd with the vapours, we sullenly mope,
And no one can raise a subscription for Pope.
Instead of the fun of a frolicsome meeting,
We are now entertain'd with a lecture on cheating :
Or, a proof, my fair cousin, how much you are mist,
The cards are play'd out in the silence of whist.
O, come then, sweet maid, and enliven the scene,
While the loves and the graces shall smile in your mien !
O come, and in me " the Attentions " renew ;
For if e'er I possess'd them, they center'd in you !

Rude CIMON, who whistled through absence of thought,
 By female attractions behav'd as he ought.
 For, soon as the beauties of IPHIGENI
 (As the poets record it) arrested his eye,
 All easy and polisht he rose from his trance,—
 Though it never was said that she taught him to dance.

And now, (though a rapid transition, 'tis true)
 I'll imitate VIRGIL, a second or two;
 And tell how, the day you return from *Penryn*,
 The magic of fancy shall brighten the scene.
 Well—first, to behold the sweet beauties she gave,
 Shall ANADYOMENE rise from the wave;
 While, to heighten the pomp of her favourite girl,
 The way shall be scatter'd with Mother of Pearl.

Where'er your chaise-wheels have imprinted the
 road,
 The miners with ease shall discover a lode;
 The common around you shall suddenly bloom,
 And vie with *Gunbilly* for beautiful broom
 The Cupids that breathe the repose of Love-lane,
 Shall not be disturb'd by a cart or a wain;
 The *Moor of the Ropers* " (verse alters the term
 on't)
 Shall yield as medicinal waters as *Pyrmont*;
 And, though Mr. LEMON's plantations be dead,
 Its hedges shall form a poetical shade;

And now for perfumes, should I seem at a stand,
Mrs. MAUNDER's exotics are ready at hand:
For if, O ye sweets, she can order the breeze
To waft you beyond the *Collector's*, with ease;
The Muses, with skill necromantic, can whisk y'
On the wings of the gale to the top of *Patiski*:
Or, to "haste to *Penryn*," in a moment can bid y',
To please the olfactory nerves of Miss GIDDY:
But, should they have rifled the shrubs of the garden,
They can easily sue in a sonnet for pardon.

At length I'm oblig'd by my paper to close
This rhodomontade of poetical prose;
For to rich, or to poor—or to little, or great,
Believe me, I never write more than a sheet.
But I've room enough left to advise you to learn
Soft "*COLIN* and *DELIA*," before you return.
And then, as with rapture I sit by your side,
And the hours with a moment's rapidity glide,
I may own that your absence is almost requited,
By the magic of beauty and music united:
For, Envy herself will acknowledge it true,
In your songs there is music, and beauty in you!

F.



AN EPISTLE
FROM AN
UNDER-GRADUATE AT OXFORD
TO HIS
FRIEND IN THE COUNTRY,
WRITTEN IN 1780.

"AUDIRE, ATQUE TOGAM JUBEO COMPONERE—
"DUM DOCEO INSANIRE OMNES."

WELL, since my HENRY bids me trace
The manners of the College-Race;
Such as it is, my verse shall chime—
Or classic lays, or runic rhyme!
To thee, perhaps, these lines may haste
Unpolisht by the hand of taste:
Yet, while in rougher traits they rise
To hurt the critic's purged eyes,
With pleasure shall a friend peruse
The sketches of an *Oxford* muse.

First, for the troop, whom no degree
Hath stamp'd from ARISTOTLE free—
Who yet, amid these seats of science,
Hold sense and learning at defiance;
A troop, that oft in hostile show
In madness aim the rebel blow;
And, led by wild caprice, appear
With discipline denouncing war!
Or idlers, who, at leisure laid
In RHEDYCINA's holy shade,
Their Bacchanalian hours devote
To wine, and vacancy of thought!

From loungers of a listless day
Learning flies ridicul'd away;
Enough—if learnt the logic rules
For disputations in the schools!
See crowds high-vested with degrees,
Just qualified—to pay the fees!
As well might ALMA, for a purse,
With D. D. dignify a horse!
Ah! think not ye, whose sons consume
In College-rust their early bloom—
Think not, these sons with purest flame
Kindle at learning's awful name,
Lost in the reveries of PLATO,
And mystic visions of ERATO!

O think not, while an *Athens* rises
Again upon the banks of *Isis*,
That here, as wild enthusiasts dream,
“Wave the hoar shades of *Academe!*”
Have *bucks* and *bloods* a *letch* to rove
Amidst the philosophic grove?
They never trace, through learning’s maze,
The purer scenes of ancient days!
For them, old *PLATO* still may rule
A fancied empire, or a school!
Will not the youths, whose pulses beat,
High-mettled, with equestrian heat,
Who burn to run the Olympic round,
Scorn the dull race on classic ground,
And place, amidst a nobler course,
Their *summum bonum* in—a horse?

Yet the poor Servitor, whose mind
Droops in its narrow cell confin’d,
By no wild wishes taught to stray,
Preserves the tenour of his way.
How oft o’er pots of beer he smiles,
The bright reward of all his toils;
And cheers his soul with golden dreams
Of declamations and of themes!
Though minister of tarts and cheese,
With joy he contemplates the fees,

And in his purse, for all his pains,
"A splendid shilling" still retains!
To his fond hopes indulgent heaven,
Perhaps, a chaplainship has given—
Some refuge from the frowns of care,
Some shelter from the world's broad glare;
Where sneering Insult, brushing by,
Or Scorn, that oft inverts her eye,
Shall bid no more his moments flow,
Dash'd with the bitterness of woe!

While such, to servile fortunes born,
Are doom'd to feel the shafts of scorn,
That wound full oft the ingenuous heart,
'Till, callous, it defies the dart;
Lo, yonder, Liberty (with Pride,
And vacant Folly by her side)
Points to the velvet cap, whose power
Exempts from care the frolic hour;
'There gives, as triumph lights her face,
The silken gown its fringed grace,
And bids it rustle in the breeze,
A sanction to the sons of ease!
Such, whom the Muses blush to name,
Let such still glory in their shame;
Assert (when PLUTUS proves no friend)
Their happy privilege to spend;

And still, with supercilious air,
The tufted cap of Folly wear.

Bold FLORIO see—(his only pride
The chariot's rapid wheel to guide)
Spurn from his phaeton and four,
The fasces of proctorial power;
And wildly act the *knowing* part,
Too light of head, and light of heart!

As DULCINEA's fancied smile,
Or brain-sick PANZA's airy isle,
Lo, Pleasure (wrapt in clouds she flies)
Cheats the bright ken of eagle eyes!
His idle whirl of transport past,
He feels solicitude, at last.
Ah! soon—too soon his sight aggrieve
The terrors of the velvet sleeve:
The frown-clad personage appears—
Anathemas affront his ears!
And lo—the fury *Rustication*
Threatens the loss of reputation!
At length he hears announc'd his doom,
To pine amid the college gloom:
And he, who erst deriv'd alone
Importance from his phaeton;
Who flew, like SANCHE, through the skies,
Beyond the Proctor's prying eyes,

For one long moon is doom'd to pore,
 Cheerless, o'er antiquated lore!
 Yet, than proctorial frowns still worse,
 His schemes, perhaps, make work for NOURSE;*
 And by a double doom secur'd
 He sighs, in college walls immur'd,
 While many a pale moon gives repentance,
 To mourn their revokable sentence.

Gay Pleasure now has lost the power
 To wing with speed the lagging hour.
 He—ne'er hath been inur'd to study,
 Since books would make his brain but muddy;
 And yet, to act the jockey's part,
 Has BRACKEN's farriery by heart:
 But classic volumes, pil'd on high,
 Dark as their lore mysterious, lie.

"Come, hounds and horn, with ardour fire us—
 "What a damn'd bore the hunt of CYRUS!
 "Ye pedants, what avails the idea
 "Of chaste and beautiful PANTHEA?
 "Not with her virtues, but her charms,
 "Come, *spunky* PHILLIS, to my arms!
 "Sure had he been a man of fashion,
 "The King had gratified his passion:

* A late surgeon at Oxford.

“ Gods! what a *quix*, and woman-hater,
“ To *spear* the nymph whene’er he met her.”

Thus cries the high-bred youth, whose brain is
Best suited to a game of tennis;
Who loud would hail the billiard-board,
To his own element restor’d.
Chagrin’d he views the nectar’d stream,
Quaff’d in rich draughts with sparkling gleam,
And sees, condemn’d to capillair,
Riot whirl round the crashing chair.

What now can every wish avail,
To guide, as erst, the spreading sail;
Or ply, amid the jocund roar,
On *Isis*’ flood, the dashing oar!
Around, where glows the varied scene
In soft diversities of green;
Where float, by nature’s hand pourtray’d,
The blended hues of light and shade;
While many a sun, with chequer’d dyes,
At eve illumines the summer skies;
In memory’s eye he views the day,
Light as his skiff that danc’d away,
When bent to *Medley*’s lov’d retreat;
Or *Binsey*’s shade-surrounded seat;
Or antique *Godstowe*’s mould’ring walls
Where oft the hoary fragment falls,

Where wild o'er buried beauty's grave
The hollow trees their branches wave,
And all in gloomy dirges, hail
The passing Genius of the gale.—
See, as he sits in moping mood,
Sudden, soft-pac'd, a DUN intrude!
Curst monster! whose vindictive strain
With horror thrills the freezing vein;
Who threatens, clad in frowns, alas! till
He whirls his debtor to the Castle,
There doom'd to sigh in durance drear—
Far distant every friendly ear.

O TICKING, what a train of woes,
Sudden, thy lavish favours close!
Yet thoughtless gownsmen, by thy care,
Breathe freely academic air;
By thee display, though pennyless,
The *kick* in fashionable dress;
And quaff the sparkling bowl by thee,
In all the roar of social glee!
And such, “when free from college rules,
“And lumber of the lying schools,”
Indulge, as *Yahoo* passion fires,
In all the pride of rural squires;
Or hail the pleasures of the chace,
Though destin'd for a holy race,

And shew—to carry still the farce on,
How Riot sublimates the Parson!

Yet, are there some can waste their whole age
Amid the dullness of a college;
Whom reason and good sense deride;
The sons of Pedantry and Pride!
Heav'ns! of how cynical a nature
The school-taught race of *Alma Mater*!
Who, of cramp'd mind and clouded brain,
Bind Genius in a Gothic chain;
Whose learning only proves of use
To vitiate reason or traduce;
While dark SMIGLECIUS frowns away
Each unsophisticated ray!
Yet such as these affect the skies;
Too supercilious to be wise!

O Pedantry, by thee dismay'd,
What numbers fly the classic shade!
How droops beneath thy harsh controul
The mutuality of soul!
Those generous feelings, which impart
Refinement to the human heart;
That sweet benevolence, which glows
With anguish at another's woes,
And, as it sighs to soothe distress,
Feels every selfish sorrow less;

Which, sparkling in the expressive eye,
Derives delight from others joy?—
These clouded virtues shrink away
Pale at the hoar Collegian's sway!
These charities full quickly fade
In Pedantry's cimmerian shade!
Beneath the yew's funereal gloom
The flow'rets lose their brightest bloom,
And, tainted by the poisonous gale,
Breathe faint their fragrance o'er the vale.

Thus, though 'tis theirs to guide our youth,
Where Science points to Taste and Truth,
These Sages cloud with scowl austere
The paths of Science, dark and drear;
And, with the noblest joys at strife,
Quench the fair star of social life!

And should, my friend, a pedant fool,
Like clock-work, breathe by stated rule;
In all the sourness of grimace
Distort his curvilinear face;
And, strictly to mechanics true,
Walk mathematically, too,
'Till haply (if no flapper plies*)
With rousing strokes, his ears and eyes)

* See SWIFT's *Laputians*.

In the wild maze of problems lost
 He bounce his head against a post;
 Or, while in theories his brain
 Draws forms of solids on a plane,
 Stumbling (though singular the fact is)
 Prove stereometry by practice;
 Who could, in such a learned bustle,
 Keep unrelax'd a single muscle?

But, should he act the Cynic's part
 With deep malignity of heart;
 And, studious to diffuse o'er all
 Perverted nature's bitter gall,
 Swell with dark triumph to survey
 The rose of Pleasure fade away;
 Should he (though oft constrain'd to lower
 The paltry fasces of his power,
 To bold Assurance pressing near)
 Treat modest Merit with a sneer;
 Insulting wound the ingenuous breast
 By Taste and Sentiment imprest;
 And, while his heart the vultures tear,
 Feel not a single virtue there;
 Say, would not indignation hiss
 At such a character as this?

Ye Fellows, who demurely dose,
 Blest with stupidity's repose;

(And sure, unless the poet lyes,
“ ’Tis arrant folly to be wise:”)
Say, should the Muse hold forth to view
Your pictures drawn severely true—
Say, would not shame in blushes rise,
Oft’ as the colours caught your eyes?
Ah, no—so bronzed o’er with brass,
Shame never ting’d a Fellow’s face.
What then avails, my Muse, so long
To waste, in whipping posts, a thong?
What though thou lash the fools, behold
Still in the paths of folly bold,
With all the glare of impudence
They rove, secure from shame, or sense:
Still, listless, in the common room,
They dream of happiness to come;
And, weary of their learned life,
Sigh for a living, or a wife!
Still, when their reverend heads incline,
Fill’d with the drowsy fumes of wine,
They haste to BAGGS’s, void of grace,
(I’ve mark’d their desultory pace)
And there, Reflexion, far from thee,
Nod o’er the nation’s news and tea;
Or cups of fragrant coffee sip,
(Coffee, the curer of the hyp—
Coffee, that makes ev’n Fellows wise,
And see, like owls, with half-shut eyes)

Still, as lewd appetite prevails,
They love the wit of smutty tales;
Paint, with the colouring of a *Titian*,
The glowing raptures of fruition;
And hold (though ministers of God)
Their first, best minister, a bawd!

Yet, in the rear, a reverend train
Demand a tributary strain;
Since Fortune whimsically sheds
“A cruel sunshine” round their heads.

Perhaps, my Muse may rue the hour
She dar’d to censure fools in power:
Perhaps she’s doom’d to sue for pardon
To Master, Principal, or Warden,
In convocation, on her knees,
For ridiculing high degrees.

But when a HELLUO stuffs the stall,
Or, ’mid the lofty-window’d hall,
Waddles in robes that, full display’d,
Diffuse around an awful shade—
When, as each *Gaudy* marks the year,
And gives the day to festful cheer,
In scarlet pomp the Sage carouses,
Full of the dignity of Houses;

When great in paunch, in honours great,
At *Golgotha* the Doctors meet,
And launch abroad their mighty bulls
In thunder, from the place of skulls,
The Muse would bid, to swell the strain,
A *TERRÆ FILIUS* rise again;
And, stor'd with many a tragic rhyme,
Eke out the ludicrous sublime.

Lo! where *St. Mary's* antique tower,
Proud rising, crowns the classic bower;
A motly mercenary herd
Ordain'd to propagate the word.
These with peculiar grace impart
Religious comfort to the heart!
Oft, while their powers might raise a sneer,
Or draw from Pity's eye the tear;
MORPHEUS lets fall his gentle dews,
And slumbers creep along the pews!
Go, shameless tribe! and walk the town,
Vile hirelings, in your draggled gown;
Or, seiz'd with a religious qualm,
At *Merton* sing the hundredth psalm;
With scouts the chorus join, or hail
Their Warden with—a pot of ale;*

* Alluding to a custom at *Merton-College*.

The Liturgy for halfpence read ;
Or bury for a groat a head,
While (congregations staring round)
Ye reel o'er consecrated ground,
And, thus prepar'd your souls to save,
Totter into the yawning grave!

Around the spot where Knowledge streams
The genial influence of her beams;
Around this spot does Ignorance sway
Bosoms that never own'd a ray—
That privilege of human kind,
The emanation of the mind?
Where no Religion lends its aid,
Can ought illumine Error's shade?
What wonder flocks disorder'd stray,
When ev'n their shepherds lose their way—
When ministers, ordain'd to preach,
(Without ability to teach)
Are quite unanxious to impart
One precept to amend the heart;
And hurrying breathless through the pray'rs,
Reach glad the goal, and bless their stars!

Such rise to honours in the church,
And leave true merit in the lurch.
Thus are the mercenary herd
Of cringing sycophants preferr'd!

Thus undistinguish'd shall we find
 Ev'n worth of far superior kind;
 And view with scorn the happier fate
 Of fools and knaves in church and state!
 How many, blest by learning's ray,
 Pass in sequester'd shades the day:
 Unheard how oft the poet sings:
 Neglect weighs down the Muse's wings.

Pensive around the *common-room*,
 While WARTON* "snuffs his pipe's perfume;"
 Too oft' the College Head, whose name
 Can never grace the rolls of Fame,
 Struts dignified—with not a sprig
 Of bay-leaves stuck about his wig!
 "Lo there" (indignant GENIUS cries)
 "In yon clipt shade a WARTON lies!"
 "How oft, while Eve her landscape drew,
 "He hail'd my steps to yonder yew!"
 "For him I wove, in fancy's loom,
 "A texture of perennial bloom!"
 "For him, with joy the assembled Nine
 "Their amplest wreath conspir'd to twine!"
 "Yet what, alas! but idle praise,
 "Rewards my sweetest minstrel's lays!"

* Late fellow of Trinity-College.

“ Thus droop my sons, with scorn repaid,
“ Listless amid the sombre shade!
“ What though I raise the Muses’ flame,
“ With ardent hopes of deathless fame,
“ Yet cold Neglect’s severe controul
“ Chills the warm current of the soul!”

And see the silver-slipper’d Maid—
Her robes of glossy verdure fade!
See, in the wildest anguish prest
To yon pale urn her heaving breast!
Still Nature’s hand, her streams around,
Scatters with simple flowers the ground;
But, mark’d by no poetic eye,
Their hues in breathing incense die.

Well may the faded virgin glow
With varied energies of woe:
Long has she deem’d her “Triumphs” vain,
Though her own poet fram’d the strain.
Haply ev’n he may breathe, ere-long,
The spirit of despairing song,
And own, reclin’d his pensive head,
The “Tears of Isis” justly shed!

K.



EPISTLE

TO

*H. DOWNMAN, M. D.**OF EXETER,*

WRITTEN DURING A VIOLENT ILLNESS,

AUGUST 17, 1791.

HAIL to my generous guide, my honour'd friend!
 May every blessing on his steps attend——
 How feebly the warm wish these lines impart!
 Yet, O accept them from a grateful heart!

Here, DOWNMAN, as in still suspense I lie,
 And from my pillow lift the languid eye;
 'Tis in thy friendship only to effuse
 Some little spirit o'er my faltering muse!

Long have I own'd with pride, amidst the shade
 Of sacred poesy, thy critic aid;
 And, whilst thy lessons to perfection fir'd,
 The beauteous model in thy verse admir'd,
 Where melody unites with diction chaste,
 And all that fancy charms, or polisht taste.

But merits, far superior, mark thy lays—
Praise, such as this, were “mockery of praise.”
The manly *virtues* in thy numbers shine,
And *sentiment*, that nerves each vigorous line;
And *learning*, not in pompous garb display’d,
But in simplicity’s pure vest array’d;
And strong unbiast reason, and the light
Of *philanthropic feelings* beaming bright:
Nor less the humbler *charities*, that pour
Their lustre on the dear domestic hour!

Yet, though thy writings to the world hold forth
A spotless mirror of thy active worth,
Yet is thy life (just heaven’s peculiar care)
But with a feeble ray reflected there.
Strenuous to chase from man each brooding ill,
Thy social kindness, or thy healing skill,
Through all the tenour of that life appears,
And brightens up a gloomy vale of tears:
Whether, from opulence retir’d, thy feet
Trace out the chill and comfortless retreat
Of the poor orphan, or thou love to close
The mental wounds that speak no common woes.

Where, starting from a short and troubled sleep,
The weary languish, or the wretched weep;
’Tis thine refreshing slumbers to restore,
Bid strength revive, or sorrow weep no more.

And, whilst the sounds of gratulation bless
Thy healing art, thy merited success;
Whilst, from the bed of sickness, round thee rise
The rich, the poor, to meet thy glistening eyes,
Fresh-blooming—with the nerve of health new-strung,
And DOWNMAN echoes from each grateful tongue;
Me, too, thy cordial balms already cheer,
Thy friendly voice, thy sympathy sincere!

Yes! where the last dim star of eve survey'd
This fainting frame in pale disorder laid,
When well-nigh ceas'd the vital stream to flow,
And every pulse beat tremulously low;
And, as my breath seem'd ready to depart,
Exhausted nature flutter'd at my heart;
Thy medicine's renovating power could save
My sunken spirit from the yawning grave!

And O! if an indulgent BEING give
His servant, yet a few short years to live;
To please that GOD who bless'd thy art in me,
O DOWNMAN, may I live to copy thee!

P.



ADDRESSES.



ADDRESSES.

TO THE
EQUESTRIAN BELLES.

YE Nymphs, from nursery restrictions freed,
Who rein abroad the smooth and sprightly steed;
Whene'er you press the nicely-balanc'd seat,
Adorn'd with symmetry, a habit neat,
A cheerful aspect, and an easy air,
The Muses own you look bewitching there.

But O, ye Nymphs! we charge you, ne'er be seen
In other than your own attractive mien;
Never, misled, your gentle tongues defile
With stable phrases, technical and vile;
Nor e'er, unnaturally debas'd, assume,
Like abject men, the manners of a groom.

Ye fair Equestrians, mark our moral lay—
To hold secure the genial winning way,
And take your sylvan exercise beside;
Let modest ACLAND* be your charming guide,
Who still preserves, ev'n in the fleetest chace,
A sweet decorum and engaging grace;
And proves, like *Guido's* pencil, rich and warm,
That woman's softness is her strongest charm.

E.

* The Lady of the present Sir THOMAS.



AN
ADDRESS,

INTRODUCTORY OF
Mrs. SIDDONS,
ON THE
FIRST NIGHT OF HER ACTING IN EXETER,
IN 1789.

To please our patrons, who with liberal aim
Light up to public view the Muse's flame;
And by our grateful ardours to repay
Each smile that fosters the dramatic lay—
Be this, whate'er the worth we boast beside,
The noblest triumph of ingenuous pride.

Warm'd by these feelings, we call forth to-night
Those magic powers that minister delight;
Your various minds impatient to direct
To every fine theatrical effect—
The pale dejected eye to Pity dear,
And Hope, mild-beaming through the tender tear;

Delicious Griefs that melting bosoms move,
And the soft languish to the light of Love;
Affections that in filial transport glow,
Or swell with all the energy of woe;
The speechless Agony that chills and fires,
'Till the tear trembles, and the sigh expires;
Those looks, that, sudden, the whole heart unfold;
The thrilling pause; the glance, with horror cold;
And, wildly darting into passion's storm,
A soul that lightens, at one flash, the form—
These—these in grand succession shall appear
Triumphant!—for we hail a SIDDONS here!

And while, from all her richly-blooming bowers,
Her patriot progeny *Devonia* pours,
And sends exulting, from the rural shades,
In many a beauteous groupe her blushing maids;
While *Isca* bids the loveliest of the fair,
Their wreaths of glory to a SIDDONS bear;
Enamour'd Taste and Elegance shall own
A charm in every look, in every tone;
Diffuse congenial raptures 'mid the throng,
At each impassion'd accent of her tongue;
Fill with responsive drops the sparkling eyes,
And raise in many a bosom kindred sighs;
'Till in these sympathies herself she view,
And all her merits re-appear—in you!

Hence shall divine Philanthropy confess
Each selfish joy, each selfish sorrow, less!
Hence patriot Virtue a new fervor feel;
Hence Loyalty shall burn with double zeal! ‘

Ev’n now, as kindling through her raptur’d vales,
Her Monarch’s friendly smile *Devonia* hails;
Improv’d by tragic scenes shall every mind,
And each warm heart with feelings more refin’d,
A richer incense of affection bring,
And, duteous, greet their Parent in their King!

P.



A N
ADDRESS,

SPOKEN BY

Mrs. SIDDONS,

ON THE LAST NIGHT OF HER ACTING IN EXETER,

1789.

DISGUIS'D no longer by the scenic mask,
To speak with justness is no easy task.
Methinks the hackney'd theme I would not prove
Of fulsome compliment, or mean self-love:
Yet, though some doubt, some danger, I perceive,
I must not, cannot, take a silent leave.

Whate'er my powers—if tender Pity came,
Glow'd on your cheeks, and trembled through your
frame;
If, at my bidding, terror struck the soul,
If (while Despair press'd onward to its goal)
Madness rush'd in, and Horror's awful form
Imperious urg'd the wild conflicting storm;
Whate'er my pow'rs—if faithful to their aim,
'Twas but my duty, and what you might claim.

Yet, be this honest pride to night confest—
With no inglorious art I mov'd the breast,
Aided the Muse, enforc'd her moral laws,
Nor rous'd the passions, but in Virtue's cause.

Let me be proud, (base flattery I disdain)
That mute attention listen'd to my strain;
That Candour heard well-pleas'd, and Taste refin'd,)
Which guides each nicer impulse of the mind.
Your echoing plaudits ne'er shall I forget;
Distance or time shall not erase the debt.

Accumulated thanks I owe to you
For a lov'd brother, and a sister due;
Here have they past the happiest of their days,
Oft have their tongues been lavish in your praise.

Farewell!—this conscious heart knows how to prize
A liberal audience; the true worth of sighs,
Of tears, whose fountain in the ingenuous soul
No sordid mixture owns, no vile controul;
The sighs which burst, the sacred tears which flow,
From that pure source of sympathetic woe.
Farewell!—such merit ever condescends—
May I presume to say—Farewell, my friends?
I will—for none but Envy can repine,
When I dare call the friends of virtue—mine.

D.

A POETICAL ADDRESS

TO

*A WIDOW LADY,**OVER A DISH OF TEA IN HER HERMITAGE.*

IN this lone cot, which female hands have grac'd
With all the wildling fantasies of taste;
Where the forc'd trees in Gothic arches frown,
And boast a wreath of mosses not their own;
Where pillar'd birch-bark shews its silvery hue,
Mounts up the sides, and flourishes—in glue;
Where *India* bends her smooth fantastic root,*
And *Indian* figures sprawl on every shoot—
In this lone cot, miscall'd the Hermit's cell,
No Hermit ever is design'd to dwell.
To spread his sallad on the maple stool,
To catch the clear stream† in his beechen bowl;
And every eve, as louder sounds yon rill,‡
And yon high tower sinks fading from its hill,§

* The mandrake root, ornamented with figures.

† ‡ § These strokes are all taken from the realities.

To lift his soul in rapturous prayers on high,
 Feel his fine spirits mounting to the sky;
 And see at times the angels, hovering o'er,
 Fling wide their robes, and blazon all the bower.—

For such high ends this cell was not design'd :
 It owns a genius of a gentler kind.
 Here a fine Lady from *Park-lane** retires,
 And blends the Hermit's and the Courtier's fires;
 Now dips in ancient or in modern lore,
 Tastes as she reads, and lives past ages o'er;
 Now, gayly thoughtful, or politely free,
 Lights up the mirth of soft society.
 The Hermit's beads around her neck she wears;
 The Hermit's bowl in *China's* earth appears;
 His maple board mahogany supplies;
 And, for his sallad, tea and coffee rise.

But one thing still is wanting to the whole;
 The body asks an animating soul.
 Without a warbler, what 's a gilded cage?
 Without a Hermit, what 's a hermitage?
 Take therefore, Madam, one monition well,
 And place a *Reverend* Hermit in your cell.

* Park-lane, Piccadilly, London.

Then shall to *you* the Saint's gay visions rise,
Then his elysium open to *your* eyes,
And all the angels, that should tend him near,
In their best forms—as boys and girls—appear.†

W. R.

† The lady had never had any children; she had married an old man.



SONNETS.

SONNET I.

WHILE, just above yon hill, the orb of day
 Slopes down the vale his beams of evening bright;
 Eastward the wat'ry clouds, in dark array,
 Oppose their shadows to the dazzling light:
 And while, amid the foliage of the wood,
 The statelier trees their burnish'd stems unfold;
 The shower descends, and o'er the illumin'd flood
 The willow-leaffets trickle tears of gold.
 Such are thy charms, O Nature, wond'rous dame!
 Such are the splendid visions which arise,
 Kindling sweet *Poesy's* celestial flame,
 Oft as they play before the enthusiast's eyes;
 Who loves to wander through thy haunts, and loves
 To sketch those beauties which his soul approves.

E.



SONNET II.

O CIRCLE, whether erst the lightning's lance
With its keen azure shot thy wavy way;
Or—such the tales of village maidens, say—
The merry Fayes (what time their troops advance
To thread the fleeting mazes of the dance,
While bends dim *Iris* in the lunar ray)
Form'd, as they tripp'd with many a twinkling glance,
Thy ring, to speak their revels to the day;
Still fancying, lovely CIRCLE, that I trace
Amid the features of thy fading dyes,
The little footsteps of the faery race—
Still, 'round the springing verdure, shall arise
In soft relief, thy gently-curving grace—
Too trivial but for fond poetic eyes!

P.



SONNET III.

THO' now pale Eve, with many a crimson streak
Soft-fading, tips the lime-invested hill;
And though blue steams emerging from the lake
Roll curling on, and hover o'er the rill;
The smoke, that slow evolves its pillar'd form
From yonder straw-roof'd cottage, sweetly throws
O'er my hush'd bosom a superior charm,
And seems to breathe a cherub-like repose!
With its grey column to yon' sapphire cloud
Stealing in stillness the calm mind ascends—
The unruffled line, though lost amid the shroud
Of heaven, in fancy rising never ends!
Thus ever may my tranquil spirit rise—
Free from the gust of passion—to the skies!

P.



SONNET VI.

WHILE not a wing of insect-being floats,
And not a murmur moves the frozen air;
Yon' ice-clad sedge, with tremulous wave, denotes,
Amid the leafless copse, that life is there.
And lo, half-seen, the Bird of russet breast
And duskier pinion, that had cleft the skies
Of wild inhospitable climes, in quest
Of the warm spring, his plashy labour plies.
Feed on, poor bird, beneath the sheltering copse;
And near thee may no wanton spaniel stray!
Or rising, when dim eve her curtain drops,
Ah! may no net arrest thy darkling way!
But long unpent by frost, o'erflow the rill;
And many an insect meet thy delving bill!

P.



SONNET VII.

TO
A YOUNG LADY,
ON HER
WEARING A VEIL,

WRITTEN JUNE 1790.

As when some goddess, from the ethereal height
Descending, wraps in clouds her beauty's blaze;
She hides from mortals the refulgent light,
Lest they should perish, as they fondly gaze.
'Tis thus, in kind relief, the veiling shade
Softens that bloom, those eyes suffusing fire
Lest, dazzled as we look, too lovely Maid,
We sink in faint delirium, and expire!
Yet the sweet influence of the shaded eye,
The charming languish of a face so fair;
Thy modest blush, like the mild morning sky,
Thy timid glance, thy meek retiring air,
Such tenderness to all thy beauties give,
That only with a trembling heart we live!

P.

SONNET VIII.

TO
A COLLEGE FRIEND;

ON HIS
*EXPRESSING HIS APPREHENSIONS, THAT THE AUTHOR
HAD FORGOTTEN HIM.*

WRITTEN AUGUST 1791.

How, B——YE, can thy fears behold,
Alas! so great a change in me;
Or idly deem my heart so cold,
That I no more *remember thee?*
Oh!—thou canst bid new pleasure bloom,
A *sun*, my kindling morn to light;
And thou canst gild affliction's gloom,
A *star*, through many a stormy night!
Though, far from fancy's roseate bower,
Care-worn and faint I bend my way,
Nor can recall the vacant hour
When youth, on roving wing, was gay;
Yet, still thy friendly form I see—
And still this heart *remembers thee!*

P.

SONNET IX.

TO HIS
*INFANT MARIA.**

AH! my dear Babe! thou smilest on the tear
That hangs upon thy Mother's fading cheek;
Eager, as thou wert wont, her voice to hear—
But her heart swells with grief, too full to speak.
'Tis for thy Brothers, in the same cold bed,
She weeps. O'er *one* the wintry storm hath past:
And there, *another* rests his little head
Fresh-pillow'd. But they feel not the keen blast!
O'er their pale turf the whistling winds may sweep—
Unconscious of the tempest, they repose:
There, undisturb'd, sweet innocents! they sleep
From human passions free, from human woes.
Yes, dear MARIA! they, my Babe, are free
From ills that wait, perhaps, in store for thee!

P.

* See Epitaph on the two Children of R. POLWHELE.



SONNET X.

TO THE SAME.

YEs! thou art doom'd to meet full many a frown,
Perhaps, from pride's rude offspring, who despise
The worth of tremulous diffidence, and crown
Each dazzling attribute with virtue's prize.
Yet, if amidst the stormy wilderness
Of life, some friend thy gentle spirit find;
Spite of the unfeeling million, *he* shall bless,
With warm sincerity, thy kindred mind.
But trust not the fond look, the specious smile:
Nor deem that o'er thy path the unsetting light
Of friendship beams.—Alas! if free from guile,
Thou wilt the poor, the timid caution slight!
How hard their lot, who feel its value most,
To shed the bitter tear for friendship lost!

P.



SONNET XI.

TO THE SAME.

WHEN Death, cruel stroke, dissolves the tie
 Which holds in friendship a congenial heart;
 We bid the long adieu with streaming eye,
 And pour the impassion'd sorrows ere we part.
 Yet, though we grieve, the inevitable ill,
 Ere long, with soften'd anguish we endure:
 For time the throbbing pulse hath power to still,
 And close the wound which reason could not cure.
 But if the averted look too plainly tell
 Constrain'd civilities* from those we love;
 If all our warmth the frigid air repel,
 'Tis ours (the wish sincere, though heaven approve)
 A slow-consuming heart-ake to sustain,
 Whilst each cold look renews the sense of pain!

P.

* In his "Epistle to a College Friend," Mr. P. contrasts those cold civilities with the warmth of College friendship.

"Yet, unchill'd
 "Gay fancy sparkled, as our glasses fill'd:

“ Then the fair outline of our hopes we drew,
“ And fondly nurs’d them, as each figure grew ;
“ Sketch’d for our different friends the future plan,
“ And form’d our systems, as our wishes ran ;
“ Contented crown’d a living with a wife,
“ Nor mark’d the varied ills that chequer life ;
“ View’d, halcyon-bright, domestic ease appear,
“ Nor saw pale grief distain it with a tear ;
“ Bade the sweet pledges of affection rise,
“ To melting blushes, and entrancing eyes ;
“ Pictur’d the bliss of love’s romantic morn,
“ And prest the rosy couch without a thorn !

“ But ah ! too soon the dear delusive dream
“ Fled with the golden groves of Academe !
“ Too soon, in scenes of vulgar life, I found
“ The hoarfrost scatter’d by indifference round ;
“ While envy’s cloud diffus’d its sullen gloom,
“ And blasts from avarice nipp’d young fancy’s bloom.”

See POLWHELE’S POEMS.



SONNET XII.

OR by the ivy'd abbey's solemn shade,
Or through the clefted mountain's secret dell,
Whose hoary sides in awful grandeur swell,
Be mine to woo sweet Contemplation's aid;
For, well I ween, that 'mong these lone retreats,
What time the grey fly 'gins her evening flight;
With musing step, and slow, she here repeats
Her vesper walk 'till beams the star of light:
And much her aid I need—for she can trace
The quick transitions of this earthly state,
And mark the folly of the worldling's chace:—
'Tis hers to elevate the quickening soul,
To bid the mantling heart with hope dilate,
And burst impetuous for the immortal goal!

S.



SONNET XV.

THE beam of morn bespangles o'er the glade,
And tips yon pine-clad mount with golden dies :
The gloom that brooded o'er the low vale flies,
And silence hastens from the sun-pierc'd shade.
For hark ! the sylvan minstrels carol loud,
Waking the echo 'mid her vaulted bower.
Ah ! blithe and joyous is the lightsome hour,
When morn's bright radiance no black storms enshroud.
But where's yon prospect's pride, where all its boast,
When low'ring tempests darken o'er the scene ?
Lo ! in the howling blasts each charm is lost,
And dim the vale, which late so gay was seen.
Ah ! what are life's best hopes, but such as these ?
Its cloud misfortune—and its storm disease.

S.



SONNET XVI.

HAIL, Silence! mistress of this secret dell,
O'er which a charm thy magic wand hath thrown;
Here on the tufted bank thou form'st thy throne,
And faery nymphs and dryads with thee dwell.
What time the dog-star blazes through the sky,
Amid thy shelter'd groves I see thee sit,
No garish beam thy spreading oaks admit,
Their shade impervious to the prying eye.
The curled streams not here their chiding keep,
But as a mirror spreads the slumbering lake;
The whisp'ring zephyrs barely seem awake,
While o'er the waters their light pinions sweep.
Hail! lovely mistress of the musing soul,
For thou canst hush its woes, and every pang controul.

S.



SONNET XVII.

WRITTEN 1791.

AH! wherefore urge my weary limbs to climb
 Again with fruitless toil the Aonian mount?
 Why bid me quaff *Castalia's* nectar'd fount;
 And, stretch'd in rapture on the brow sublime,
 Mark the fair forms that 'mid *Parnassus* stray
 Gliding through sunny glade or shadowy bower,
 Like orient beams that gild the vernal shower,
 And trace each image in the living lay?
 How vain the attempt when **ENVY** mines the way,
 And **MALICE** lends to **IGNORANCE** the sneer!
 While **POWER**, with aspect colder than the ray
 Of the pale star that chills the polar sky,
 Withers the sacred leaf to *Phæbus* dear,
 That else would time and **JOVE's** red bolt defy.*

V.

* Mr. P. who resides in a different neighbourhood, seems to unite with Mr. V. in lamenting the same baleful influence.

“What avails

“Thy every effort with the vulgar crew,

" If, circled by the pleasures, and begirt
 " With gorgeous pomp, a *great one* hath debauch'd
 " Their groveling minds !"

'Tis in such a situation (our author says) that

" Merit mourns
 " The transient influence of its duteous toils,
 " And droops, unheeded, in the sickly shade !
 " There too, submitted to its humble sphere,
 " The mind, that might have sprung aloft, sinks down
 " In feeble acquiescence ; never more
 " To exert the native powers of free-born man.
 " 'Tis thus the caged lark, denied to soar,
 " Amid the orient's kindling light, and dip
 " His pinions in the morning-tinctur'd cloud,
 " Yet pecks the verdure of his little turf,
 " Within his narrow bound, content and tame !"

ENGLISH ORATOR, p. 176.

In these lines, however, as well as in the Sonnet, there is a strain of complaint too abject and humiliating for the free sons of APOLLO. Even the modern bard can look, without trembling, on opulence and power: he can detach the *characters* of the great from the adventitious circumstances that surround them: he can examine those characters with cool attention—undazzled by the false glare which over-awes the multitude: and he can discover the result of his examination with a spirit that marks his independence. But, if insulted, he disdains to suppress his feelings;—and, sometimes, passion gives a high colouring to the portraits of truth!

SONNET XVIII.

ADDRESSED TO

R. P. CAREW, Esq.

To climb at early dawn the mountain's side,
Ere devious herds have brush'd the dews away,
Be mine: at noon amid yon elms to stray,
Whose artless tufts the cooling current hide:
Mine from the purple heath's horizon wide
To trace the splendours of reclining day,
Until the moon my homeward path to guide
Distain the forest-edge with silver-grey.
And if such scenes the rising soul expand,
The flutter'd heart if simple bliss becalm,
Where nature closelier knits the social tie,
No light addition should my CAREW's hand
With equal friendship's animating balm
To letter'd ease the place of fame supply.

W.



SONNET XIX.

WRITTEN AT

PIERCEFIELD IN MONMOUTHSHIRE.

PIERCEFIELD! the choice of Gods, if earthly crime
Had yet forborn to tempt celestial ire;
Whose bowers have nurs'd the themes of ancient
rhyme,
Whose caves resounded to the Druid-lyre;
Bold as thy forests, as thy rocks sublime,
Could verse reflect the raptures they inspire,
Her voice, superior to the rage of time,
Might call on endless ages to admire.
But short the reign of art—for see below,
Her darkling veil the pallid ivy throw
Around the grass-grown abbey's* roofless wall;
And yon tall cliff, whose summit lifted high
The banner'd castle's† warlike symmetry,
Mock from his edge the fragments as they fall.

* Tintern-Abbey.

† Chepstow-Castle.

SONNET XX.

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE

DRAMATIC POEM OF CHARACTACUS.

Lo! at the poet's call from ancient night,
Druid, and patriot-bard, and chieftain brave,
Who bent on freedom, or a glorious grave,
To veteran arms oppos'd their native might,
When past the cliffs, that break the Belgic wave,
The Julian eagles wing'd a bolder flight
To reach the bound where *Thule's* icy cave
Reflects the doubtful sun's declining light.
Yet, MASON! yet another task remains
To fill the trump of *Albion's* early fame;
Be thine to paint superior to his chains
The captive prince before the Claudian throne,
While *Rome* beholds with tributary shame
The lofty port of virtue once her own.

W.



SONNET XXI.

TO
A LADY.

ACCEPT, fair patriot! from the muse's hand,
This myrtle-crown with roses interleav'd—
This stretch'd on yonder cliff thy poet weav'd,
Imbower'd by rocks, by rising breezes fann'd;
Mean time his eye the boundless ocean scann'd,
Whose waves with pausing sound his ear reliev'd,
And fancy dwelt on naval palms atchiev'd
By seagirt ALBION's tutelary band.
Nor thou reject, however rudely twin'd,
Those native emblems of thy face and mind,
Nor scorn the verse which honest warmth inspires;
For well thou know'st that art can ill controul
The wild luxuriance of a British soul,
When freedom animates, and beauty fires.

W.



SONNET XXII.

To paint the morn diffus'd on yonder cheek,
And catch the noon-beam issuing from that eye,
Or with that form to make the marble vie—
Such let a REYNOLDS, or a WILTON seek :
Powerless, whate'er she feel, their force to speak
The wondering Muse shall wait in silence by,
'Till either art with a desponding sigh
Resign the steel, and own the pencil weak.
But should Heaven will some forming hand divine
To bid one finish'd piece at length outshine
The worship'd star of Medicean fame,
Still may the poet with reflected pride,
By beauty less than virtue dignify'd,
In social strains a CAVENDISH proclaim.

W.



SONNET XXIII.

TO THE

EARL OF CARLISLE,

THEN VICEROY OF IRELAND.

WHO hath not heard, by after-poets told,
How through deserted rocks, and barren sand,
Torn from the dying master's tuneless hand,
Down Thracian streams the lyre of *Orpheus* roll'd?
The Muse beheld—nor mindless that of old
Her infant strains the rising city plann'd,
Exalted fair among the starry band
The plastic shell renew'd in heavenly mold.
IERNE'S HARP alike attention claims,
Which now her willing hand submits to thine,
O muse-lov'd HOWARD, first of *English* names!
'Tis thine to raise her injur'd strings anew,
Till, every lasting glory call'd in view,
Admiring ages hail the work divine.

W.

SONNET XXIV.

WRITTEN AT

AVIGNON IN THE SOUTH OF FRANCE.

ENCHANTING lute! that, touch'd by fancy's hand,
Hast oft beguil'd my solitary way,
Since ill at ease I left my native land
Through foreign scenes with heedless steps to stray;
As pause we now, where love's inventive band
With martial trumpets mix'd the Muse's lay,
Where manners soften'd at her mild command,
To names rever'd what offering shall we pay?
Nor should thy voice ineloquently sound,
Did not the poet's art, since EMMA frown'd,
And lover's hope in sympathy decay;
For once it knew to please a brighter maid
Than yet *Valclusa*'s* thick impending shade
Sequester'd panting from the noon-tide ray.

W.

* The fountain of *Petrarch*, near *Avignon*.

SONNET XXV.

ON

REVISITING THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD.

AGAIN I trace from *Cherwell*'s willowy tide
Yon Gothic towers with peaceful trophies hung,
Whose circling groves the varied scene divide,
Where many a sage hath mus'd, and poet sung;
While recent memory prompts from every side
The wonted accents of her infant tongue,
Shall silence here the Muse's transport hide,
Where first her vocal harp she fondly strung?
Scenes of my youth! when fancy's quickening power
Endear'd the lonely walk, the social hour,
O! could your placid influence now remove
The restless inmates of a feeling frame;
The tempter luxury, the tyrant love,
And, direr far, the sacred thirst of fame!

W.



SONNET XXVI.

WRITTEN AT BATH.

THE winding grace of *Avon's* faery tide,
Her cliffs abrupt, and meads of lively green,
Her villas glittering from the mountain side,
And tufted bowers, and garden slopes between;
Nor these, nor yon gay domes, with rapture eyed,
When health and pleasure crown'd the careless
scene,
Can gild this bosom's dark and dreary void,
While sickness dims *AMANDA's* alter'd mien:
Yet flatters hope, or from that halcyon brow,
Where shines the soul superior, and serene,
The scatter'd shades of pain and languor fly;
Else o'er those eyes the veil of fancy throw,
The form of anguish for a while to skreen,
And cheat the friend with visionary joy.

W.



SONNET XXVII.

WRITTEN AT

A SMALL COUNTRY-HOUSE IN CORNWALL.

"Causa fuit pater his! —"

HOR.

IN these neglected walls a father's day
Serenely clos'd, unconscious of a stain,
Whom all unknown to fame's unequal strain
Reflection's sweeter voice did well repay.
Nor thou, his lov'd retreat, of fate complain,
Whose praise may last while prouder scenes decay,
Where native floods the painted arch disdain,
And pagod-spires their shivering pomp display.
Nor, had the plunder'd East her spoils resign'd,
And mimic Ganges through thy pastures roll'd,
Might haply peace have sooth'd the master's mind,
Or late reflection lent his death a smile;
Nor could his weeping son the costly pile
With equal joy, or gratitude, behold.

W.

SONNET XXX.

WRITTEN IN THE COUNTRY.

DEAR are the beauties of my vale,
And pure the pleasures it bestows:
I breathe the sweetly-scented gale;
And peaceful every moment flows.
Why should I quit the lovely scene,
So pleas'd 'mid solitude to stray?
Boast other meads a fairer green?
Shed other suns a milder ray?
Yet here, though smit with nature's charms,
And all that soothes the pensive mind;
Though friendship's flame my bosom warms;
Some gentler bliss I long to find:
Such pleasures but imperfect prove—
My heart, too vacant, sighs to LOVE!

Y.



SONGS.



SONGS.

SONG I.

THE sighs that from her bosom part,
Wafted by gentle Pity, shew
LOUISA'S warm and feeling heart,
That trembles to the touch of woe.
Oft as her charming sorrows heave,
I melt in kindred sympathy:
Yet, though, to pleasure lost, I grieve,
LOUISA hath no tear for me.
The tender tale hath EDWARD told,
And bade the fond emotion rise—
Alas! that heart is only cold,
Is only cold—when EDWARD sighs!

P.



SONG II.

I.

THAT languish of the lust'rous blue,
Which melts in CHARLOTTE's tearful eye,
Seems like the violet's tender dew,
Where gently breathes a zephyr's sigh.

II.

Soft as at eve the *violet* glows,
The trembling tear may PITY move;
But, CHARLOTTE, if the brighter *rose*
Hath charms, O steal a blush for LOVE!

P.



SONG III.

THE BLUSH OF SIMPLICITY.

WHILE MARY, conscious that she loves,
Would hide the crimson's transient hue,
She veils the blush, which only proves
A heart to Love and WILLIAM true.
In erring maids, that fondly stray,
A tinge as bright as thine we see;
Yet clouded looks its source betray,
Unknown to innocence and thee.
No cloud thine eyes of candor know,
To shade their sweet expression o'er;
But, to the soft-suffusing glow,
They kindle quick, and sparkle more.
Ah! may such glances ever speak
The "Simple Blush" on MARY's cheek!

P.



SONG IV.

THE FAINTING KISS.

“ **A**H, faithless fair one,” OWEN cries,
 “ How are my fondest vows repaid !
 “ Alas ! thy bosom’s secret sighs
 “ Heave for the swain in yonder shade.
 “ The CHAPLET I so vainly wove
 “ (Ah ! now no longer priz’d) *restore* :
 “ Yet, was the moment crown’d with love,
 “ When that dear pledge my ELLEN wore.”
 ‘ Take, take,’ she cried, ‘ that pledge of bliss,
 ‘ But first, a dearer pledge display :
 ‘ O give me, *give me back* THE KISS
 ‘ Which, then, caught all my soul away.’

P.



SONG V.

THOUGH winter hath stript of its leaves
Each oak that o'ershadow'd the scene;
Yon hill yet unfadingly heaves
To the breezes its bosom of green.
The eye, that hath pensively stray'd
O'er the foliage strown pale in the grove,
Return'd with delight to the shade
By the fir and the cerasus wove:
But with sweeter emotions we see
The spring's glowing verdure appear;
And we love the fresh buds of the tree
That had died in the gloom of the year.

P.



SONG VI.

SEE, LAURA, how cold are the tints
Of that snow-drop, afraid of the gale,
Though its delicate feebleness hints,
That spring shall soon colour the vale.
Thus sweetly, when *Hymen* appear'd,
Thy bashfulness sought to retire;
Yet, what it so tremblingly fear'd,
It could not but fondly desire.
And thus, though the lustre was cold
Which slept in thy languishing eye;
Thy virgin timidity told,
That the spring-time of pleasure was nigh!

P.



SONG VII.

IF, DELIA, from thy form, or face,
I caught the earliest beam of love;
Without a more attractive grace,
Haply such charms might transient prove.
'Tis not thy shape, of purest mould;
'Tis not thy cheek of crimson hue;
That constant still this heart could hold,
And yet, to love can keep it true.
DELIA! 'tis that superior charm
Which dwells within thy virtuous *mind*,
That shall for e'er this bosom warm,
And ties of truest love shall bind.

S.



SONG VIII.

*To Miss S*****.*

WHENE’ER I see thy tender breast
With sickness or with grief oppress;
When thy soft looks denote too plain
How exquisite thy sense of pain;
When the tear glitters in thine eye,
For thee, sweet MARIANNE, I die.
Again, when health resumes its place,
And joy sits smiling on thy face;
Thy humourous wit, and spirits gay,
In frolic mazes as they stray,
Enforce me still, do what I can,
To die for thee, sweet MARIANNE.
When in yet happier hours I find
Thy soul to harmony inclin’d,
See thy hand touch the trembling strings,
And hear each melting sound it brings;
Then am I lost in extasy,
And die, sweet MARIANNE, for thee.

W. D.

EPITAPHS.



EPITAPHS.

ON

THOMAS POLWHELE, *Esq.*

LATE OF POLWHELE,

BY THE

REVEREND J. B. C. OF GLYNN.

LET adulation pour the venal strain
O'er the proud ashes of the great and vain:
Whilst gratitude, with rude unfeigned lays,
Shall haste, POLWHELE, to speak thy juster praise;
And piety, in tears of joy, shall tell
How firm the Christian stood, how calm he fell!

J. B. C.



ON

TWO CHILDREN OF R. POLWHELE,
BURIED IN THE SAME GRAVE,
1789.

Alas, babes! could heaven in mercy give
Your forms to mortal eye,
But a few moments doom'd to live—
Just shewn on earth, to die?

Weak man! the vain enquiry cease,
Why heaven hath call'd them hence:
Pure from the world, they died in peace—
They died in innocence!

P.



LINES

TO THE MEMORY OF

*BRIGADIER GENERAL HOPE,**GOVERNOR OF QUEBEC,*

WHERE HE DIED IN 1789, AGED 43.

YES! HE is torn from mortal sight—
For earth such virtues were too bright!
Yet memory shall to man hold forth
The beauteous *mirror* of his worth:
The PATRIOT's ardour thence inspire,
And beam the HERO's vivid fire;
With a more placid lustre, lend
The soothing spirit of the FRIEND;
And fond connubial bliss impart,
Reflected from the HUSBAND's heart;
Whilst she who deem'd each pleasure o'er,
And fancied life could charm no more,
Shall own the faded scene still dear,
Since yet he sheds his *influence* here.

P.

TRANSLATION OF

BISHOP LOWTH'S EPITAPH

ON HIS DAUGHTER.

ADIEU, dear maid, in whose accomplish'd mind
Each female excellence, each virtue grew,
Devotion, genius, modesty, combin'd;
Oh! dear beyond a daughter's name—adieu!
Adieu, dear maid! though for a while we part,
The time will come, (if favouring heaven approve
And deem me worthy) when my conscious heart
Assures me, we shall meet in realms above.
Then, with what fervent transport shall I say,
In those bright scenes where endless pleasures reign,
“Hither, my dear MARIA! bend thy way,
“Oh! come to these paternal arms again!”

W. D.

F I N I S.

